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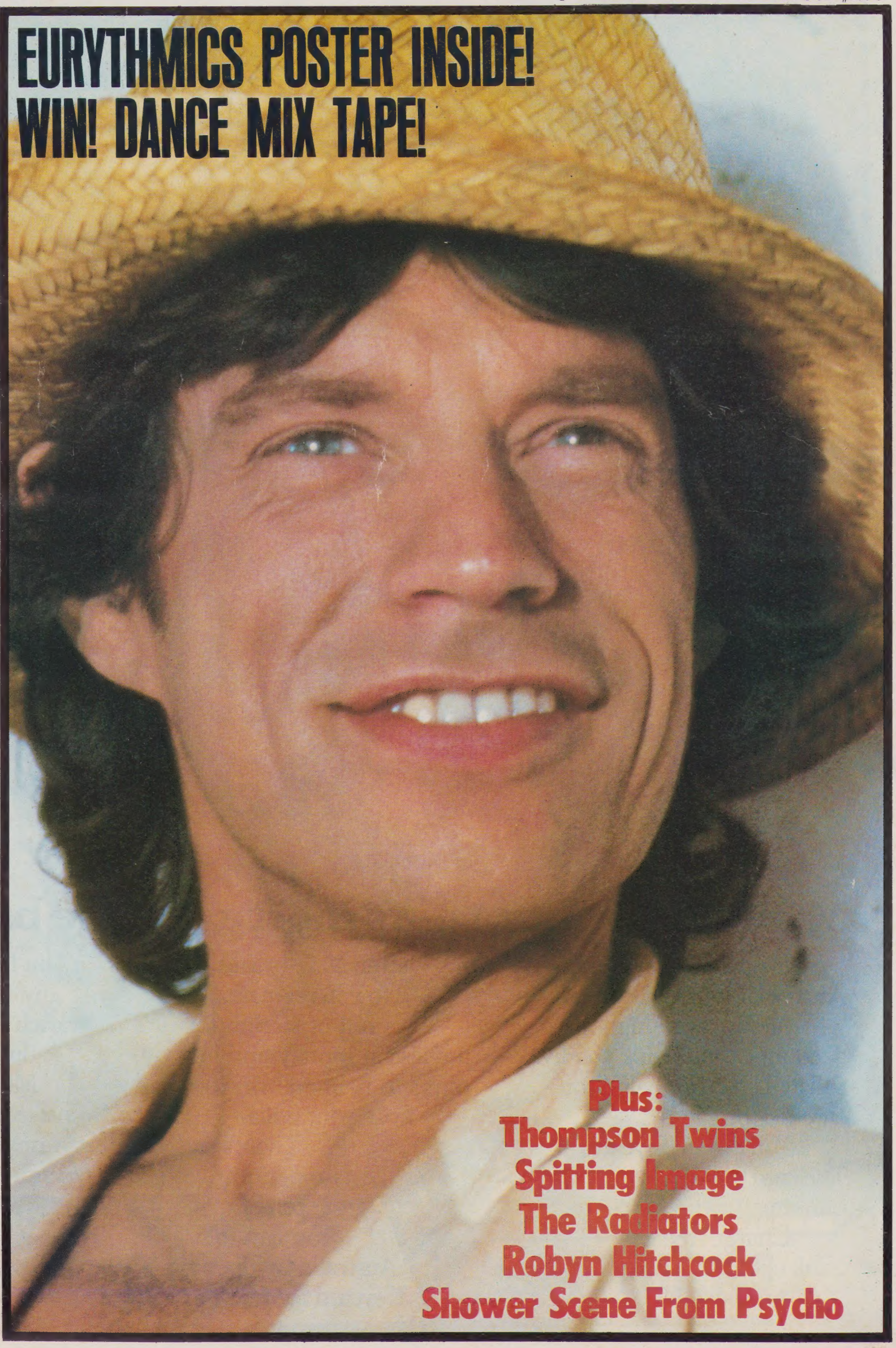

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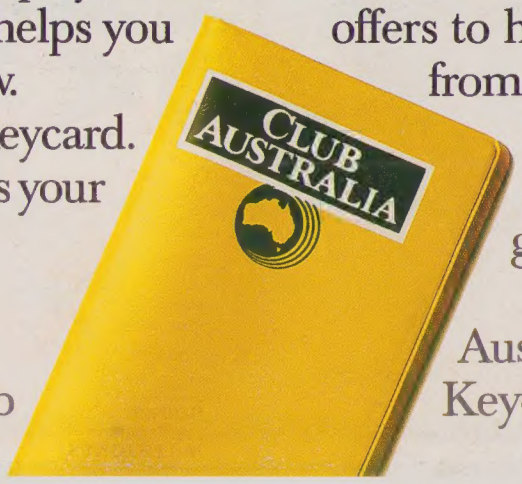

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PULSE...

Stone's single
A costly appearance
'I was sacked', Palmer says

Dire Straits clean up

Grammy, BPI awards topped

Dire Straits have capped off what has been their most successful year, by topping the nominations for both the BPI (British Photographic Industry) and America's Grammy Awards, both announced in the last few weeks.

In the British Phonographic Industry Awards they won nominations in categories of Best British Group, best British Single, and Best British LP.

Winners will be announced on February 10, at a ceremony at London's Grosvenor House.

Simple Minds, Annie Lennox, Paul Young, Tears For Fears and U2 are some other names on the nomination list.

The ceremony, being shown on UK and American television, is billed the largest ever internationally televised music awards event in the history of the British industry.

The BPI awards have firmly established themselves as a true showcase for British talent.

Noel Edmonds will host the event in Britain, whilst Rolling Stone bassist Bill Wyman will interview stars for the American side of the show.

All awards will be decided by the BPI's 135 member companies.

The Straits were also nominated for the Grammys' Record, Album and Song of the Year, while Mark Knopfler was up for no less than eight nominations for his work with Straits and Chet Atkins.

Phil Collins, Sting and Tina Turner were up for five nominations and Huey Lewis and Don Henley for four.

Nominated for Record Of The Year were "Money For Nothing" "Boys Of Summer" (Henley) "The Power Of Love" (Lewis) "Born In The USA" and "We Are The World".

Up for the trophy in the Albums section are *Brothers In Arms, We Are The World, No Jacket Required* **(Collins)** *(Whitney Houston* **and** *"We Are The World".*

● The 1986 Grammys will see The Rolling Stones win an honourable Grammy — their first in their 23-year career!

● Mark Knopfler in action. (Pic: GREG NOAKES)

Chaka Khan makes a costly slip

Soul star Chaka Khan is at the centre of a political controversy which threatens to hamper her future career because she recently appeared on the same political platform as radical Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan at New York's Madison Square Gardens.

Farrakhan's outspoken remarks, at meetings and rallies over the last five years, have consistently featured uncompromising attacks on Israel and the white Jewish community in America. Formerly a black calypso singer known as The Charmer, Farrakhan has long since replaced Malcolm X as the public face of American black nationalism. His volatile public statements and the militant image of his young Muslim followers have transformed him into a noisy and significant figure in the black community. He is probably the domestic politician most feared by moderate Americans.

The repercussions for Chaka Khan are as yet unclear. The most immediate problems are related to her career because she was being groomed for a crossover audience, which means the economically powerful record buyers of adult white America. Her associations with the anti-semitic Farrakhan have naturally caused great concern within the music industry's large Jewish community who view Chaka's behaviour as insensitive.

I was sacked: Robert Palmer

Robert Palmer has shocked the music world by revealing that contrary to the official story, he did not go on tour with Power Station last year because he had to finish off his solo LP.

Simply, he says, Power Station told him he was not wanted.

"I wasn't invited on the tour" he explains. "I got a phone call saying 'Look, we're going to find another singer and we're going out on the road' and I said 'okay'."

As far as rock audiences were concerned, Palmer had been instructed by his record company to finish off his solo LP and the band were forced to look around and found veteran heavy rock singer Michael Des Barres.

That was certainly spun to Juke in the three separate interviews done with various Power Station members through last year.

So why did Palmer keep quiet about the truth?

"Because if you can't think of anything nice to say, don't say anything at all. I'm in a position where I can't tell the truth about what went down.

"It wouldn't do anybody any good, and it's not interesting anyway".

Palmer is only irritated that Power Station's chart success has given a greater significance to his work with that band, rather than with the other bands he's guested with, including Little Feat, The Meters and Motown Rhythm Section.

Certainly the Power Station association gave him a world profile he did not have before, although he's enjoyed a strong cult audience in Australia. In a few months he's going to undertake a solo tour of the US to coincide with the release of his tenth solo LP *Riptide* — his first tour there for almost eight years. Of course Power Station made it possible for him.

Aside from his large cult following here and in the US, Palmer is a big draw in Italy and France.

"I never think about such things as promotion and publicity" he says. "If you think about an audience, you're not making music, you're making product.

"For someone to call himself a musician and to sit and consider things like demographics is to me vulgar. Music is magic, instinct."

Palmer's 1982 **Clues** LP which as a big hit for him in Australia and Europe was a flop in the US, where it was considered too avant garde.

"I remember playing reggae music in Phoenix eight years ago, and being booed off the stage. It's all the rage now."

— ROBIN SHEELEY

Robert Palmer (Pic Paul Canty/LFI)

STONES SINGLE DUE SOON

The new Rolling Stones single "Harlem Shuffle" is due for release in Australia in the first week of February.

The album *Dirty Work* **follows in early March.**

Dirty Work is crucial for the band — not merely because it's taken almost a year to come, and not merely because it's their first product since signing their multi-million dollar deal with CBS.

The LP will have to answer a number of questions about the power change — and indeed, the stability — within the ranks.

Most important is the rift between Jagger and Richards. It is well known that Richards was already annoyed that Jagger siphoned a dozen songs off for his solo *She's The Boss* LP, because he felt they should have been kept for a strong Stones album.

Then when work started in Paris in January 1985 on the new Stones LP, Jagger said he was unavailable — because he'd be busy flying around the world promoting his *She's The Boss*.

As a result, *Dirty Work* has been left very much to Keith Richards, with help from co-producer Steve Lillywhite and Ron Wood.

For much of the year, Keith and Ron did all the groundwork, creating the riffs for the basically hard-rock album. Jagger did not come into the scene until the lyrics had to be written. Ron Wood, in fact, plays more on this album than ever before — aside from guitar, he played bass, keyboards and even drums on one song. In effect, he's doing what Brian Jones used to do in the studio in the '60s.

Early reports about the LP is that it's their very best since *Exile On Main Street* full of uptempo rock and roll type things (although not the usual Chuck Berry re-writes). One American magazine even compared the sound to US punk outfit Husker Du!

Dirty Work was finished in October. Jagger took off to India to scout a place for his wedding, while Keith announced he was going off to holiday in the Carribbean.

But on the last day of sessions, who should walk into the studios but U2's Bono, Little Steven and Arthur Baker. Bono had just written a song called "Silver And Gold" for the *Sun City* project and wanted the Stones to help. So Richards and Woods, helped out by drummers Steve Jordan and Keith LeBlanc put down the blues backing.

The Stones hope to be back on the road in the US midway through the year.

— STU COLEMAN.

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PULSE

Reviving the hits, on video

A new TV show has hit America which could see a lot of '60s hits come back into the charts.

The show is entitled *Deja View* — and features new videos for old hits, starring '80s actors and filmed by '80s directors.

The first of the one hour show already went on air in the US through 100 TV stations, and has been certified a success.

The next one will screen later this week, with another set for late March.

The first two episodes were hosted by singer/songwriter John Sebastian, who in the '60s fronted the Lovin' Spoonful. They had major hits in Australia with "Summer In The City" (What A Day For A) Day-Dream" and "Rain On The Roof".

At this stage, the show has not been sold to Australian TV but is expected to.

According to the show's producer Joel Gallen, each of the shows cost $500,000 to produce. Each show has six videos which cost up to $50,000 — but a lot of the time directors hardly took any fee because of the thrill of doing a video for a favourite pop song from their younger days.

The first episode included the following videos:

● Sly and the Family Stone, "Every Day People" — starring Sly Stone and Casey Kasem, directed by film director Jeremy Kagen.

● The Young Rascals' "Good Lovin' " — starring the Rascals' Felix Cavaliere, as well as most of the *St Elsewhere* cast. It was directed by *St Elsewhere* star Eric Laneuville.

● The Zombies' "She's Not There", directed by actor Bob Balaban and starring Teri Garr.

● The Hollies' "Bus Stop", directed by music video director Dominick Sena and starring Graham Nash, who used to be a member of the Hollies before joining up Grosby, Stills & Nash.

● Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade Of Pale" directed by music video director David Hogan and starring Bernie Taupin and Harry Dean Stanton.

● The Beach Boys' "Don't Worry, Baby" directed by feature director Tommy Wallace and starring Brian Wulson.

The show featured interviews with Zombies' Rod Argent and Procol's Keith Reid, as well as live performances by Nash and Ronnie Spector.

Obviously if the show becomes a real boomer, the music industry will get involved enough to start re-releasing some of the records to tie in. Who knows, we could well see a '60s hit become a giant hit in the mid-80s because of its new video!

Certainly the video boom is one way for rock fans to capture or catch up on the music's rich history.

The release of videos of John Lennon and The Doors has opened the flood gates, and fans of T-Rex would be interested to know a full length Marc Bolan video is on its way. More videos on classic bands are expected.

— TAMARA KANDII

● The Young Rascals. Their re-released clip starred most of the 'St Elsewhere' cast as well as the band's Felix Cavaliere.

An unlikely couple

The stars mix it on show set

The vision of Boy George and Mr T side-by-side was not exactly a sight for sore eyes, but it was a sight to make eyes sore.

In his preening, almost feline way, Boy George had got along very nicely for some 45 minutes, but *The A Team* star thought he might need a little help.

So like the 7th cavalry — they're about the same size — Mr T charged into the room, grabbed a chair, thumped down beside his little pal and glared out at the critics gathered at the Century Plaza hotel here like an angry thundercloud looking for something to hit with lightning.

As dramatic gestures go, it suffered somewhat when Mr T's leather belt with a gold buckle the size of a frying pan fell off and he had to suck in his gut before getting it buckled on the third try.

Nobody said improvisation was easy.

After a muttered, "Hey, brother, How you feelin'?" in Boy George's general direction, Mr T rumbled that he had arrived to say not much.

Though he was getting "some big bucks to be here . . . I only answer what I want to answer," and he suggested that he probably wouldn't have much to say because "all of you are just lookin' for dirt anyway.

His mood did not noticeably improve when he learned that earlier Boy George had described him as "sweet", which he addressed in his own magnificently oblique way: "You want Mickey Mouse, call Walt Disney."

By this point, Bambi, Mary Poppins, Snow White and all Seven Dwarfs could have wafted into the room mounted on an airborne Dumbo and no one would have blinked an eye.

Boy George, along with his group, Culture Club, has a role on *The A Team* screened in America on February 11. He has some speaking lines — "I'm playing myself, it's very unromantic" — and Culture Club performs three songs. After the day's shooting they had come to meet the critics for a promotional joust.

After more than a year off, Culture Club has an album coming out shortly, followed by a tour later this year. So the PR-savvy Boy George decided that it was time to re-enter the atmosphere.

With ratings that have fallen dangerously, *The A Team* could use a dose of medicinal PR itself. Those with a cynical turn of mind might assume that had something to do with Mr T's unexpected arrival.

If pop history's speedy pace has left you in its dust, Boy George and Culture Club were very big about five pop phenomenons and two years ago. It was before Bruce Springsteen, Madonna, Prince and Michael Jackson, misty pre-Rambo days when genders were for bending.

"I have been quiet for quite a while, too quiet," Boy George observed with a sly smile, as if he knows something the rest of the world doesn't, which indeed he may. "I'm sure that everybody in America must be sick of Madonna by now."

Grunt, said Mr T.

Lofty as it was, it's typical of Hollywood (this transpired in the shadow of the 20th Century Fox lot, where Clark Gable once mutinied against Charles Laughton in 1935's *Mutiny On The Bounty*) that the give and take of questions and answers took second place to the spectacle.

The only thing that mattered was what you saw because what you saw was all there was. But the question was, what was it?

Wearing a dark grey, button-down-the-front dress festooned with a fork, 15 separate minature reproductions of the Mona Lisa, and a macrame hanging, Boy George was dressed for the occasion, no matter what the occasion was. His dark hair was pointed up, as in straight up. It resembled what might happen if you plugged a Brillo pad into an electric socket.

Mr T was likewise tastefully understated — camouflage pants cut off below the knee, sweat socks, combat boots, the usual tonnage of gold chains, diamond rings like paperweights twinkling on every thumb and finger, a belt buckle a blindfolded man could hit with a dart at 20 paces, a baseball cap and, of course, sunglasses. The sun had set hours ago, but perhaps he expected it to make a surprise return engagement.

A splendid couple, they agreed.

"He has," said Boy George, nodding at his friend, "The right attitude."

UB 40 talk of quitting England

UB 40, one of the institutions of Birmingham, have said that they would contemplate quitting England, if Maggie Thatcher became Prime Minister again at the next elections.

Ali Campbell said that they were despairing every day at the deteriorating situation of England — and that it hit them hardest as travelling musicians who went abroad frequently.

Says Ali Campbell, "I think our first single 'Food For Thought' is more relevant today then it's ever been. I reckon it sums up the '80s in a nutshell.

"Every time I come back to Balsall Heath I get more depressed about the state of the place and the people.

"It's weird coming from sunny California at the end of a tour to horrible weather and 'civil war' on your doorstep, discovering your road cordoned off during a riot.

"Like I sing in 'If It Happens Again', if Thatcher gets in again, then I AM leaving — it's as simple as that."

UB 40's continual success allows them to be in the position to comment: they've finished two US tours and two UK jaunts through 1985, and have seen for themselves the vast difference in the two countries.

Meantime, the band are drawing some of their best crowds yet, with a fine 140-minute show that includes MCing, echoing and dubbing, a Top 10 single in England with "Don't Break My Heart" and charting with the critically acclaimed *Baggariddim* LP, complete with dub and MC lyrics toasted by MCs from around Britain.

According to UB 40, charting with a dub album is their finest achievement to date.

More so, actually, than selling more reggae records than Bob Marley — a situation which, Ali says, leaves them in two minds.

"For eight shits from Balsall Heath to be bigger than Marley is both pleasing and funny".

PH Premier Harbour agency

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Bruce breaks more ground

Bruce Springsteen's *Born In The USA* **— which was late last year certified as selling 10 million copies in America alone (14 million worldwide, according to CBS Records) — is now the fourth biggest selling album in the last ten years in that country.**

It is topped only by

- Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, 20 million sales
- Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*, 12 million
- *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack, 11 million.

This makes *Born In The USA* the best selling LP since *Thriller* which was released in December 1982.

It has beaten Prince's *Purple Rain* (9 million) and Lionel Richie's *Can't Slow Down* (8 million).

Born In The USA though still continues to collect other trophies.

Those include:

- Beating *Thriller* for the longest run in the US Top 10 for any album since the *Sound Of Music* soundtrack in the '60s. This week, the album celebrates its 82nd consecutive week in the American Top 10. *Thriller* spent 78 weeks in the Top 10.

The Sound Of Music spent 109 weeks in the Top 10 between May 1965 to January 1968.

- Springsteen is also closing in on Jackson's unprecedented achievement of collecting seven (that's right, *seven*) Top 10 singles from one album! "My Hometown" is screaming up the singles charts and looks like it will also finish up in the Top 10.

- Springsteen and Jackson are also fighting it out in the British charts. Bruce's version of "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town" beat Jackson 5's reaching No 43 in that country in 1972. Bruce also beat The Carpenters' version of the song, which reached No. 37 in 1975.

Braithwaite makes a return

Ex-Sherbet frontman Daryl Braithwaite is making a welcome return to live work as frontman of a ten-piece all-star band Missing In Action.

Braithwaite will feature along with Doug Williams, ex lead singer and bassist with My Old School and Power.

Missing In Action will commence a tour through Sydney starting on February 18 and running till March 16.

A single is also in the works, and should be released late in February.

Band members will include Alan Salmons — who'll be sharing some lead singing with Braithwaite and Williams as well as playing keyboards. Also on keyboards and backing vocals will be Phil Wicher of Power fame.

Backing vocals will be provided by Glen Braithwaite and Kerry Miles, whilst David Glide will be blowing sax.

Chris Sween will play drums with Greg Thorn on trumpet.

The band considers the project as ongoing and they're keen to hit the interstate trail.

— BYRON SMITH

Band Aid misses a US mint

While Band Aid's 'Do They Know It's Christmas' again proved a UK best-seller over the holiday period, sales of the record in the States were exactly zilch.

The reason is simple. The single was not given a Stateside re-release because of the group's name, which is the registered US trademark of Johnson & Johnson.

The company have suggested that Geldof's Band Aid failed to ask for an extension to the limited period under which they allowed their trade mark to be used. But, during a late November conference, Geldof claimed that J&J had threatened the trust with an injunction if the name Band Aid should ever be used on the American re-release.

Johnson & Johnson deny this. In a statement to *Billboard* magazine they claim: "This isn't a Scrooge company. Last year when the record was initially made, the CBS trademark guy came to us and asked our permission to use it. We did it because it was an unusual situation and we gave it under limited condition. The understanding we had was that they wouldn't be needing if for more than six months. If Geldof had been turned down, we could understand him saying this."

Some sources claim that J&J are not to be considered as the sole villians of the story. They state that the single could have been given a release under the group name Live Aid if CBS had wished.

But the record company says that this ploy was given the thumbs down because new artwork and new mastering instructions wouldn't have been readily available and they wouldn't have been able to market the disc until the third week in December, too late for the Christmas sales-period.

Either way, whether J&J or CBS are the actual culprits, American big business flunked out merely because they weren't to be on the receiving end of the final take.

★★★

Repercussions continue to occur for the man who put rock music and musicians above polititions in the hearts and minds of people around the world for his efforts to save the lives of starving people in Africa.

A Tory MP recently labelled Bob Geldof a "fool" and a "self advertising Jew", and following the outcry over Geldof's exclusion from the Royal New Year's Honours list, Nicholas Fairburn, the former Solicitor General of Scotland, said that people who achieved glory in the way that Geldof had, should no way be rewarded.

Responding last week, a Geldof spokesperson said Bob was primarily concerned with saving lives in Africa, and not with medals and honours.

"Fairburn sounds like a man who just wants to see his name in the paper — he's totally irrational and misinformed. If he can't produce any evidence to support his claims that Bob had made money out of Band Aid, we may consider taking action", the spokesman said.

And whilst Geldof may have dipped out to Thatcher's puppeteer on the Honours list, one cannot overlook the fact that he has raised $120 million for Africa's starving in just 12 months — along with reuniting the often temperamental image of rock music's worldwide family.

● Bob Geldof

A 'blockhead' turns thespian

Ian Dury has been doing a fair bit of film acting lately. Better known as a Blockhead than as a thespian, he has nevertheless lent himself to three different movie projects in the past few months.

In *King Of The Castle* he plays the minder-cum-stylist of a Pakistan gangster in London; in *Rocinante*, starring John Hurt, he's a jester, while in Roman Polanski's *Pirates* he's a character called Meathook.

"In film the cameramen and the directors are the guvnahs and the actors are the roadies," says the delicate/dissolute-looking figure in mirrored sunglasses. "It's really good for you . . ."

He's got nothing but praise for Hurt, it emerges. "He's a bloody great actor," he declares, qualifying the statement somewhat mysteriously with "his ankles and his wrists vibrate."

"In *Rocinante* John plays a seaman, but he's living in a disused cinema and he goes out looking for something — it's hard to say what it is exactly. Then he comes across some computer hackers who are trying to do the Coal Board up. This jester — that's me — pops up behind him all the time and chuckles. I don't know if it's his conscience or alter ego."

Mr Dury defines himself as "an entertainer" nowadays: "That's show, but not business. I'm not allowed to have a cheque book." In fact, he reckons pop stars no longer exist as such.

"Keith Moon was a star," he says. "Duran Duran etc aren't really. Stars impress you across a table as much as across a stage. I hesitate to knock 'em, but I don't think their conversation would be that engrossing. I thought Boy George might have been (a star) but he didn't distance himself enough. Then he got too tired."

And what will Ian Dury, the Entertainer, do next? "I'm 43," he says. "What do you think I should do next? As Wilko says, I'm an ex semi-name. Which is a very nich way of saying you're still trying. Wilko's a very erudite geezer."

— NICOLA ROBERTS

Melbourne bands Boom Crash Opera, Psychotic Stairs and Dolphin Street (pictured) will be featured at the Williamstown Summer Festival rock concert (Victoria) on Sunday, January 26. The concert will be held at Williamstown Reserve on Nelson Place. It starts at about 6.45 pm and best news of all . . . it's free!

New album by Church

The Church release their long awaited album *Heyday* **on January 27 through EMI.**

The track listings are:

Side One: "Myrrh" "Tristesse" "Already Yesterday" "Columbus" and "Happy Hunting Grounds".

Side Two: "Tantalised" "Disenchanted" "Knight Of Light" "Youth Worshipper" and "Roman".

The LP was engineered and produced by Englishman Peter Walsh.

The Church are expected to announce details of a world tour.

Watch out for an upcoming feature.

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AUSTRALIA

1	1	**I'M YOUR MAN, Wham!**	**CBS**	
2	3	**WE BUILT THIS CITY, Starship**	**RCA**	
3	5	**THE POWER OF LOVE, Jennifer Rush**	**CBS**	
4	2	**A GOOD HEART, Feargal Sharkey**	**Virgin**	
5	6	**SPECIES DECEASES, Midnight Oil**	**CBS**	
6	4	SAY YOU, SAY ME, Lionel Richie	RCA	
7	7	WORKING CLASS MAN, Jimmy Barnes	Mushroom	
8	9	DON'T GO, Pseudo Echo	EMI	
9	10	CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU, Eurogliders	CBS	
10	11	NIKITA, Elton John	PolyGram	
11	12	TAKE ON ME, A-Ha	WEA	
12	14	SISTERS ARE DOING' IT FOR THEMSELVES, Eurythmics & Aretha Franklin	RCA	
13	13	SEPARATE LIVES, Phil Collins & Marilyn Martin	WEA	
14	15	CLOSE TO ME, The Cure	WEA	
15	17	THIS TIME, INXS	WEA	
16	16	OH SHEILA, Ready For The World	WEA	
17	22	AND WE DANCED, The Hooters	CBS	
18	8	HAPPY CHRISTMAS WAR IS OVER, Incredible Penguins	Festival	
19	24	ENDLESS ROAD, Time Bandits	CBS	
20	—	SLAVE TO THE RHYTHM, Grace Jones	EMI	
21	—	LIKE WOW, WIPEOUT, Hoodoo Gurus	Big Time	
22	21	ELECTION DAY, Arcadia	EMI	
23	19	NO PROMISES, Icehouse	Regular	
24	25	ST. ELMO'S FIRE, John Parr	PolyGram	
25	20	IF I WAS, Midge Ure	Festival	

1	2	**THE BROADWAY ALBUM, Barbra Striesand**	**CBS**
2	8	**1986 NOT OUT, Various Artists**	**EMI**
3	5	**JUST HITS 85-86, Various Artists**	**CBS**
4	7	**BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits**	**PolyGram**
5	1	**FOR THE WORKING CLASS MAN, Jimmy Barnes**	**Mushroom**
6	3	RADIO SONGS, Cold Chisel	WEA
7	4	RECKLESS, Bryan Adams	Festival
8	6	GREATEST HITS VOL 1 & 2, Billy Joel	CBS
9	9	LITTLE CREATURES, Talking Heads	EMI
10	10	LISTEN LIKE THIEVES, INXS	WEA
11	11	JENNIFER RUSH, Jennifer Rush	CBS
12	13	WHAT A LIFE, Divinyls	Festival
13	14	PROMISE, Sade	CBS
14	18	HEAD ON THE DOOR, The Cure	WEA
15	17	STOP MAKING SENSE, Talking Heads	EMI
16	12	ICE ON FIRE, Elton John	PolyGram
17	16	NERVOUS NIGHT, The Hooters	CBS
18	15	AFTERBURNER, ZZ Top	WEA
19	19	ONCE UPON A TIME, Simple Minds	Virgin
20	20	MARS NEEDS GUITARS, Hoodoo Gurus	BigTime
21	21	GREATEST HITS, The Cars	WEA
22	25	LOVE AND ADVENTURE, Pseudo Echo	EMI
23	—	SINGLES COLLECTIONS, Spandau Ballet	Festival
24	23	WHITNEY HOUSTON, Whitney Houston	Festival
25	24	EASY PIECES, Lloyd Cole & The Commotions	PolyGram

ENGLAND

1	3	**WEST END GIRLS, Pet Shop Boys**	**Parlophone**
2	1	**SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU, Whitney Houston**	**Arista**
3	2	**MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE, Shakin' Stevens**	**Epic**
4	4	**DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS? Band Aid**	**Mercury/Phonogram**
5	12	**I'M YOUR MAN, Wham!**	**Epic**
6	11	WALKING IN THE AIR, Aled Jones	EMI
7	9	DRESS YOU UP, Madonna	Warners
8	14	HIT THAT PERFECT BEAT, Bronski Beat	Forbidden Fruit
9	7	SEPARATE LIVES, Phil Collins Marilyn Martin	Virgin
10	6	LAST CHRISTMAS, Wham!	Epic
11	8	SEE THE DAY, Dee C Lee	CBS
12	19	GIRLIE GIRLIE, Sophia George	Winner
13	5	MY HOMETOWN, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
13	13	WE BUILT THIS CITY, Starship	RCA
15	—	SATURDAY LOVE, Cherelle & Alexander O'Neal	Tabu
16	15	DON'T YOU JUST KNOW IT, Amazulu	Island
17	10	SAY YOU SAY ME, Lionel Richie	Motown
18	—	WRAP HER UP, Elton John	Rocket/Phonogram
19	16	A GOOD HEART, Feargal Sharkey	Virgin
20	24	LEAVING ME NOW (Remix), Level 42	Polydor
21	21	MR DJ, Concept	Fourth & Broadway
22	17	SPIES LIKE US, Paul McCartney	Parlophone
23	18	DON'T LOOK DOWN, Go West	Chrysalis
24	22	RUSSIANS, Sting	A & M
25	—	ALICE I WANT YOU JUST FOR ME! Full Force	CBS

1	4	**BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits**	**Vertigo**
2	1	**NOW VI, Various**	**EMI/Virgin**
3	6	**PROMISE, Sade**	**Epic**
4	3	**HITS III — THE ALBUM, Various**	**CBS/WEA**
5	8	**LIKE A VIRGIN, Madonna**	**Sire**
6	5	LOVE SONGS, George Benson	K-Tel
7	13	WHITNEY HOUSTON, Whitney Houston	Arista
8	2	NOW-THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM, Various	EMI/Virgin
9	9	THE LOVE ALBUM, Various	Telstar
10	15	WORLD MACHINE, Level 42	Polydor
11	12	JENNIFER RUSH, Jennifer Rush	CBS
12	—	. . . WITH THE BBC WELSH CHORUS, Aled Jones	10/BBC
13	7	THE SINGLES COLLECTION, Spandau Ballet	Chrysalis
14	11	GOLD, Barbara Dickson	K-Tel
15	21	JAMBOREE BAG NUMBER III, Chas 'n' Dave	Rockney/Towerbel
16	17	LOVE HURTS, Elaine Paige	WEA
17	20	FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS, Fine Young Cannibals	Lodnon
18	22	ISLAND LIFE, Grace Jones	Island
19	23	STREETSOUDNS XIII, Various	Street Sounds
20	19	EASY PIECES, Lloyd Cole & The Commotions	Polydor
21	16	KEEP THE BEST TO LAST, James Last	Polydor
22	—	GREATEST HITS, Billy Joel	CBS
23	14	GREATEST HITS OF '85, Various	Telstar
24	—	GO WEST, Go West	Chrysalis
25	—	FEARGAL SHARKEY, Feargal Sharkey	Virgin

AMERICA

1	1	**SAY YOU, SAY ME, Lionel Richie**	**Motown**
2	3	**PARTY ALL THE TIME, Eddie Murphy**	**Columbia**
3	4	**ALIVE & KICKING, Simple Minds**	**A&M/Virgin**
4	2	**BROKEN WINGS, Mr. Mister**	**RCA**
5	10	**THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR, Dionne & Friends**	**Arista**
6	8	SMALL TOWN, John Cougar Mellencamp	Riva/PolyGram
7	7	ELECTION DAY, Arcadia	Capitol
8	5	SEPARATE LIVES, Phil Collins/Marilyn Martin	Atlantic
9	12	TALK TO ME, Stevie Nicks	Modern/Atlantic
10	11	PERFECT WAY, Scritti Politti	Warner Bros
11	6	WE BUILT THIS CITY, Starship	Grunt/RCA
12	15	TONIGHT SHE COMES, The Cars	Elektra
13	17	WALK OF LIFE, Dire Straits	Warner Bros
14	16	I MISS YOU, Klymaxx	MCA
15	20	BURNING HEART, Survivor	Scotti Bros/CBS
16	24	I'M YOUR MAN, Wham!	Columbia
17	9	SLEEPING BAG, ZZ Top	Warner Bros
18	23	IT'S ONLY LOVE, Bryan Adams/Tina Turner	A&M
19	21	EMERGENCY, Kool & The Gang	De-Lite/PolyGram
20	22	LOVE IS THE SEVENTH WAVE, Sting	A&M
21	—	GO HOME, Stevie Wonder	Tamla/Motown
22	25	SPIES LIKE US, Paul McCartney	Capitol
23	—	YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE, Clarence Clemons & Jackson Browne	Columbia
24	—	MY HOMETOWN, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
25	13	NEVER, Heart	Capitol

1	4	**THE BROADWAY ALBUM, Barbra Streisand**	**Columbia**
2	1	**MIAMI VOICE, Soundtrack**	**MCA**
3	2	**AFTERBURNER, ZZ Top**	**Warner Bros**
4	3	**HEART, Heart**	**Capitol**
5	5	**BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits**	**Warner Bros**
6	6	SCARECROW, John Cougar Mellencamp	Riva
7	8	SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR, Tears For Fears	Mercury
8	7	IN SQUARE CIRCLE, Stevie Wonder	Tamla/Motown
9	11	ONCE UPON A TIME, Simple Minds	A&M/Virgin
10	20	PROMISE, Sade	Portrait
11	10	THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES, Sting	A&M
12	13	BORN IN THE U.S.A., Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
13	12	KNEE DEEP IN THE HOOPLA, Starship	Grunt/RCA
14	14	NO JACKET REQUIRED, Phil Collins	Atlantic
15	15	WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD, Mr. Mister	RCA
16	18	GREATEST HITS, The Cars	Elektra
17	16	WHITNEY HOUSTON, Whitney Houston	Arista
18	9	POWER WINDOWS, Rush	Mercury
19	25	ROCK A LITTLE, Stevie Nicks	Modern/Atlantic
20	17	ROCK ME TONIGHT, Freddie Jackson	Capitol
21	21	RECKLESS, Bryan Adams	A&M
22	19	LIVE AFTER DEATH, Iron Maiden	Capitol
23	—	WHITE NIGHTS, Original Soundtrack	Atlantic
24	—	THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, James Taylor	Columbia
25	—	HOW COULD IT BE, Eddie Mrphy	Columbia

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1 HERCULES
Midnight Oil

2 WE BUILT THIS CITY
Starship

3 A GOOD HEART
Feargal Sharkey

4 I'M YOUR MAN
Wham!

5 SAY YOU, SAY ME
Lionel Richie

6 WORKING CLASS MAN
Jimmy Barnes

7 THE POWER OF LOVE
Jennifer Rush

8 NIKITA
Elton John

9 SEPARATE LIVES
Phil Collins & Marilyn Martin

10 CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU
Eurogliders

ALBUMS

1 FOR THE WORKING CLASS MAN
Jimmy Barnes

2 BROTHERS IN ARMS
Dire Straits

3 WHAT A LIFE
Divinyls

4 BROADWAY
Barbra Streisand

5 LITTLE CREATURES
Talking Heads

6 RADIO SONGS
Cold Chisel

7 PROMISE
Sade

8 GREATEST HITS VOL 1 & 11
Billy Joel

9 LISTEN LIKE THIEVES
INXS

10 RECKLESS
Bryan Adams

● Chart supplied by 2MMM, Sydney
All FM stations are invited to submit their charts/ playlists for publishing.

CHARTS

EDITED BY CHRISTIE ELIEZER

BARBED WIRES

Eurythmic pony-tailed person **Dave Stewart** — who might or might not be touring here playing gee-tar with **The Big D** (as in **Bobby**) next month, depending on who you believe — returned to London recently to launch a band called **State Of Play,** whom Dave's signed to his publishing company.

Dave hired out an entire pub and invited a host of his celeb mates to gawk at the young hopefuls. Those who came down were **Daryl Hall, Robert Plant** and **Madness**. (Those who didn't front were **The Pretenders** and **Simple Minds**, not to mention **U2**).

As a finale for the night, Dave edged his prodigies off the stage and called on Daryl Hall to the stage. Billing theselves as **T-Bone**, they whacked themselves through "Every Time You Go Away" and a truly horrendous version of "Roll Over Beethoven".

● You of course heard the entire world media converge on the *A-Team* set when **Boy George** played a singing cowboy on one of the episodes, and did NOT get beaten up by **Mr. T.** What you DON'T know is that there'd been a minor furore before the cameras started rolling.

Yes folks — at last the answer to every guitarist's dream . . . the World's first Froot Loop guitar.

Custom designed and built by these two cocoa-lossal lovelies Justine McMahon and Mandy O'Shea from Wantirna, the guitar features resounding acoustic qualities, attractive appearance, novel appeal, tastes like fruit, and goes crunch to boot.

There are no plans to go into mass production at this stage but the pair have achieved some success by appearing on breakfast shows around the country.

Sticking Froot Loops all over the top of our Juke guitar never really occurred to us . . . we're quite happy with the sound achieved by sticking ed's stomach ulcers on the soundboard.

A scene which called for George to be bare-chested was nixed by Boy. "Script rewrite! Script rewrite!" went the squeak.

"Really, boys!" Georgie admonished the producer and director. "I'm not exactly **Rambo**, you know."

● **Starship's Grace Slick** celebrated her 46th birthday — by being presented a cake from the rest of the band by a glamorous muscle man wearing nut'n but a loincloth and dumb smile.

● **Stephen Duffy** currently in Tokyo recording with **Sandii & The Sunsetz**.

● **The Models** take off to London later this week to record their next elpee. Plans are to return here by April, although of course, schedule is prone to quick change if *Out Of Mind Our Of Sight* takes off in the US.

● **Cellbate Rifles** returned to the Sydney gigging circuit last week, after taking a few months off to record their next LP.

● **The Mannikins**, who moved to Melbourne from Perth three years ago have signed with CBS, and are currently recording in Sydney with **Charles Fischer**.

● **Sting's** solo tour through Europe is being sponsored by Red Tag 501 Levi jeans. According to a rather horrid press release from the company "Sting, an artist renowned for originality, style and his versatile approach to music, seemed the perfect partner for Levi's 501s, personifying all the qualities attributed to this jean — two connoisseurs in harmony."

● When **Paul Morley** and **X-Moore** were both writing for England's *New Musical Express* paper, both hated each other and hardly talked. Now times have changed: Paul, as the co-boss of ZTT Records and mentor of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**, thinks that X-Moore's band **The Redskins** are fab.

After The Redskins could not have their anti-apartheid single issued through Decca in England, talk is that the pro-leftist band will sign with ZTT.

● While **Keith Richards** was away in Paris getting the new **Stones** LP together, two bounders moved into his empty house in Cheynne Walk, in England. They'd been made homesless in November and decided that a rich rock star could jolly well give up one of his houses for them.

The two even sent **Keef** a cheeky letter: "We feel this is our house, or do you need it?"

"P.S. What is the creature on the top floor?"

Keef was not available for comment. The fact that the man who is probably not even aware what city he's in at the moment, may not even realise he'd got a home, much less that it's been invaded.

● Former **Goanna** frontperson **Shane Howard** has returned to Melbourne from Alice Springs, and playing around with **Punter To Punter**, which also features a couple of ex-Goanna members.

● Fab fiddler and ace drinking boy **Louis McManus** is about to join Melbourne's **Weddings Parties Anything**, the punk-bush outfit that's causing a minor storm around town and tipped to be a future **Redgum**.

● **Twisted Sister's Dee Snider** is defending **Alice Cooper's** fallen image as a rock star who likes to play golf. "Of course you can play hard rock and golf too" Old Two-Fang sneered. "The two guitarists from **Judas Priest** go and play golf, they get up in the morning when the rest of the band is still asleep and do 18 holes. As **ZZ Top**, they'll tell you how they dig playing golf."

Snider and Cooper holidayed in Florida recently after the two sang a duet on a new Sister track called "Be Kruel To Your Skuel" and the Coop taught Sni to play golf.

"The only problem is that Alice wears Hawaiaan shirts and check golf trousers. I told him he looks like **Arnold Palmer** (golf champ). I told him to get himself a snakeskin golf bag, because there's no way Alice Cooper should look like anybody else on the golf course!"

● **Joni Mitchell** currently reading scores of books, including those by **Raymond Carver** and **John Cheever**, to get her mind in shape to do some short story writing of her own. An if fiction-writing doesn't work out?

"I can always go back to painting, which is as important to me as music."

● This year will see Sydney's **Screaming Tribesmen** move further into the fast lane. Now signed to True-Tone (as we predicted months ago) — home of **Gan Gajang, Rockmelons** and **Go-Betweens** — the band records its first True Tone single early next month for a late March release.

The Tribesmen follow its release with extensive touring through Australia, the UK and th US East Coast. The band's *Date With a Vampyre* has reached No. 9 on the New York college charts and was released in the UK with advance sales of 8,000.

● Rumours around Sydney were that **Ian Meldrum** is being paid $700 an hour to host a programme on radio 2SM from January 29.

● Congrats to **Midge Ure** who walked up the aisle with a regulation blonde model, called **Annabel Giles**. Ms Giles, 25, is best known to British TV viewers as "That girl on the Pond's face cream ad". Giles was apparently engaged to somebody else but her heart went pitter-patter when 32 year old Ure stumbled into view 18 months ago.

● **Do Re Mi's** "Man Overboard" currently in the Holland Top 10. The band is currently writing songs for its next LP. Meantime, their latest single "Warning Moving Clockwise" is Top 40 in Queensland and gaining major airplay in Melbourne.

● **The Johnny Kannis Explosion** had an interesting gig last week when played the Manly Hotel in Sydney. Support act was **Perfect Strangers** — who are fronted by Johnny's younger brother **Sammy**, who recently entered the music scene.

● **Spandau** singer **Tony Hadley** and wife **Leonie** have just had another child, called **Toni**.

● **Toyah** has dumped her boyfriend **Tom Taylor** (her ex-bodyguard) and run off to the Canadian mountains with none other than unsmiling esoteric guitarist **Robert Fripp** of **King Crimson**.

● **Dire Straits** fever is a burnin' hot in Britain — where a forged ticket racket was discovered, putting a lot of burned fans in real tears, and no less than three (THREE, count 'em) superstars — to wit **Paul McCartney, Sting** and **Paul Young** — waddling onstage to duet with them when the band played a series of Christmas gigs in London.

Of course, Australia is no less immune. While court battles go on as to who has the right to sell Dire Straits merchandising, a right old hoo-hah blew up in Sydney when a parody of Dire's "Money For Nothing" — this one by a group of Wollongong students called "HSC For Nothing" ("I want my, I want my, I want my HSC") — had to be withdrawn from the airwaves. Radio 2JJJ was playing the parody but were advised by their lawyers to cease and desist with Straits' Oz music publishers Rondor Music suggested they should get hold of **Mark Knopfler** first to get his approval.

● Aren't the Sydney dailies a treat: annoyed by **Wham!'s** refusal to talk to them during their current stay, the dailies got back at them by printing the hotel they were staying in, just so their million fans could invade the hotel and watch them shave in the morning. *Barbed Wires* of course heartily approves.

● **Gary Twinn**, former **Supernaut** singer who's now with **20 Flight Rockers** in London, flew back to Perth for the first time in six years to visit his parents. He casually picked up a copy of *Juke* and was dead chuffed to see we'd done a piece on his band. He immediately rang to tell us that 20 Flight Rockers have now inked with WEA Records, and could well be touring here later in the year.

● **Helen Terry** (remember her with **Culture Club**? Remember Culture Club?) has finished a duet with **Ray Parker Jr** for inclusion on the soundtrack to the *Quicksilver* movie.

Speaking of soundtracks, **Thomas Dolby** has signed on the dotted line to scribble the music for Universal's *Howard The Duck*. The LP will surface on MCA Records, which last year enjyed its most profitable year with soundtracks like *Beverly Hills Cop* (2.5 million copies sold) *Miami Vice* (2 million) and *Back To The Future* (700,000).

So this year, the label will be concentrating more on soundtracks, including **Nick Nolte's** *Down And Out In Beverley Hills* with music by **Talking Heads, Little Richards** and **Randy Newman**; **robert Altman's** next one *Fool For Love* starring **Sam Shepard**; *Running Scared* which stars **Billy Crystal** and **Gregory Hines**; and **Sylvester Stallone's** next, *Over The Top*.

● Question: When's a musician like a political football?

Answer: "When he/she comes from the Soviet Union".

Moscow has established a government-funded laboratory for budding young rock musos. There was an ulterior motive, of course. A few days after its much-publicised opening, a Russki newspaper commented "the Soviet Union will be able to develop its own style, and no self respecting Soviet group will play Western hit songs".

Well, the US has MTV to bland out its music, and USSR has got its government.

● **Richie Furay, of Buffalo Springfield/Poco** fame, is currently a pastor of the Rocky Mountain Christian Fellowship Church in Boulder, Colorado.

● One of the creators of the Top 40 radio format, **Bill Stewart**, was found dead in Dallas from gunshot wounds. The coroner filed it as "unofficial suicide". Stewart, who was a real estate agent at the time of his death, was known to have had business problems.

Stewart created the concept of Top 40 with **Todd Storz**. As the legend goes, Stewart was sitting in a bar with a jukebox in the mid-50s and noted that patrons chose the same 40 records during the day, and that the waitresses then spent their tips to re-spin the same tracks at the end of the day.

Stewart relayed the idea to dee-jay friend Storz, the two implemented the Top 40 at Radio OWKH, Omaha, had a hit with it, and were quickly followed by most radio stations through the US, and later the world.

● **Fred Maher,** currently in Melbourne producing **I'm Talking,** says that he will return to New York right after to work on the next **Scritti Politti** LP, which could take up to a year to complete.

● While their regular drummer **Des Heffner** is away in Paris, Melbourne outfit **Slaughtermen** have enlisted the services of **Noel Crombie.**

Newlywed 'Spike' Le Bon hasn't wasted any time in getting down to business with his new wife Yasmin. Le Bon has already announced that his 21 year old wife is expecting and according to Duran business associate Danny Plews, Spike is hoping for an all singing, all dancing, bouncing baby boy.

"Simon always wanted a son," Plews said.

"He dreams of the day he will be able to take a stroll in the park and play baseball with his boy." Don't know why Simon can't use a baseball like everyone else!

● Meantime, **The Machinations** have been auditioning drummers after **Warren McLean** decided he didn't want to go overseas with them.

● Watch out for official announcement next week of the **Katrina & The Waves** tour, set for early autumn.

● For the last six years, the three permanent members of the seminal grunge outfit **The Cramps** — singer/**Lyricist Lux Interior,** guitarist **Poison Ivy** and drummer **Nick Knox** — have unsuccessfully tried to keep rhythm guitarists to stay.

They've gone through more than half a dozen lineups.

Finally, in desperation, about four months ago they decided to give up looking for another rhythm guitarist and took the giant step of enlisting a full time bassplayer . . . their first one since they first got together in the New York sleaze-clubs in 1976.

However, it hasn't been an alliance that's lasted.

In just a couple of weeks, the bassist was sacked, and the trio have recorded their new LP (due out January/February in Australia) as a trio.

Says a resigned Lux: "Our band is a really special thing and most people who try to get in The Cramps have no concept of what we're talking about.

We're trying to do something really unusual, and it's way beyond what most people are prepared to give. It seems totally natural, easy and fun, the only way to live . . . but most people who come into the band just find it like moving to another planet. I don't know why."

Lix and Ivy originally put the Cramps together because they were disappointed in the state of rock and roll in the mid-70s, particularly in the way no bands seemed able to go out and put on a great show.

However, they've only managed to put out three full length LPs in nine years. Even accounting for a number of six-track discs and a legal battle which prevented them from issuing new records for three years.

Lux: "We do try to put out records, it's just that most people we come into contact with, seem to think we're crazy. It makes it hard to run things smoothly.

"But when you try to do anything unusual, you're bound to run into a lot of problems that you wouldn't come across if you're trying to turn out a product."

However, the fact that their new single, mysteriously titled "Can Your Pussy Do The Dog" looks like it could even chart in England seems to make it all worthwhile even though Lux growls that it's an insult that people like **Jennifer Rush** should chart above them!

● A British inquest into the death of singer and actor **Gary Holton**, has been told that he died from a mixture of heroin and alcohol on top of doses of valium and cannibus.

The inquest was called after Holton was found dead in friends bed in Wembley at the end of October.

The Coroner, **Dr David Paul** scribed an open verdict because of inconclusive evidence.

He said the death was caused by the combined affect of morphine and alcoholic poisoning at high levels. He added that valium and cannibus were also detected in his blood.

A lack of evidence regarding when the heroin was taken and the absence of a syringe left, according to the Coroner, an "enormous" unanswered question".

U.K. pathologist **Rufus Crompton** said that Holton's body was a mass of scars and bruises from previous drug addictions. Crompton said he believed Holton must have fallen into a coma within minutes of taking his last fix, but friends who were with him on the night of his death said they didn't see him injecting himself and that he had taken nothing stronger than a cup of tea.

Holton, who leaves behind a wife and child, first came to the attention of rock fans in the mid-70's as frontman for the Heavy Metal Kids.

He was also well known as an actor, particularly for his role as Wayne in *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*.

Win 'Hit Packs'!

Need to spark up that flagging party? Maybe you just like hearing extended versions of your favorite songs.

In any case *Hit Pack* — an exciting compilation of dance mix versions of popular songs — makes great listening. Appearance-wise Hit Pack is not unlike your favorite chocolate bar — and offers an hour and a half of taste tempting delights from artists like Simple Minds, Phil Oakey, Do-Re-Mi, OMD and many many more.

A feature on the compilation cassette is a Scritti Politti Mastermind Mix previously available only on import. Other songs include Beargarden's 'I Write The New', 'Simple Minds', 'Don't You Forget About Me' and Time Zone's 'World Destruction' featuring African Bambarta and Johnny Rotten.

Thanks to our friends at Virgin records, *Juke* is offering 12 *Hit Packs* to readers who like the idea of listening to 90 minutes of non stop dance mixes, containing "absolutely no artificial ingredients!"

For a chance to win a *Hit Pack* just tell us the name of an Australian Band which appears on the compilation cassette. Write your answer, along with your name and address, on the back of an envelope and send to:

Hit Pack Competition
Juke Magazine,
Box 628E
Melbourne 3000.

RATT TRAP

Carole Linfield follows US glam-metal band RATT deep into the heart of Texas

In downtown San Antonio, deep in the dusty heart of Texas, there stands a monument to America. It is pride and history, valour and loyalty, tenacity and sheer blood-minded chauvinism all rolled into one.

It is called the Alamo. A few blocks down the street, sheltering in the tastefully refined shadows of the Four Seasons Hotel, there huddles another monument, this one dedicated to the YOUTH of America. It is flashy and noisy, hard and aggressive, supremely successful and to the kids at least, every bit as emotive as the crumbling edifice at the city's core.

It is called Ratt ...

Sometimes, it seems hardly a month goes by without America trundling another hopeful supergroup, another ragged collection of giant-killers crawling from the soft brown underbelly of California. There was Motley Crue, then WASP, heaven help us, Quiet Riot, and now Ratt.

In Australia, they are no doubt viewed to all intents and purposes as a 'fashion' band, image striding on ahead, music following in its wake. Something like the second coming of Motley Crue, but a little less likely to leave teeth-marks.

Downunder, WEA's heavy promotion of *Invasion Of Your Privacy* did much to place the emphasis on the band's music, gathering a welter of rave reviews. A *heavy* album, but not one short on melody or songs, or bright twists of guitar.

In America, they're toured as the new Van Halen. It took them just three years to fell the opposition and win the crowds. Their debut vinyl, the *Ratt* EP sold over 50,000 copies with major label support, their debut album *Out Of The Cellar* went double platinum within months and MTV - which is not too partial to heavy rock - continually spins Ratt videos.

There's nothing subtle about Ratt live. On stage in a San Antonio sports dome - ironically the one where they first tasted the sweat of stadia rock supporting ZZ Top two years ago - they're a brute force barrage to the senses. Incapacitating with gut-wrenching swells of volume, blinding with a psychedelic wardance of lights.

Stephen Pearcy's howl is a lot rougher than on their records, the dual guitars of Robbin Crosby and Warren de Martini a little sharper, the drums and bass of Bobby Blotzer and Juan Croucier a little harder. A *little* ?!

Pearcy is not so much aggressive as confident. Super-confident. He has every reason to be. Ratt's first headlining tour of the US is only five weeks old, yet already it's conforming their stature in the rock hierarchy as budding monoliths. Stephen, however, won't be satisfied until he's on buddy terms with Jagger.

"Competition to me is, like, The Stones, Led Zeppelin, the big boys, y'know? Our competition isn't Dokken or Motley or anyone who comes from LA, regardless of who's played for who for two weeks. F..k all that bullshit, we don't *have* competition.

"We've proven to ourselves, and I guess to a lot of other people, that we're different. Some might think that the only way we're different is that we're successful - that kindda pisses them off - but we know that we've been working clubs for *years*.

"I'm a firm believer in playing everywhere and anywhere. And we're gonna do that all over the world; and until then, we're not doing what we're supposed to do. We have to prove we're a good band."

And naturally sell records ...

"F..k that! We can do that anyhow, here. It doesn't bother me. Everybody's really tripped out because they say 'you sold two or three million albums!' To us, it's just 'oh really?' Nobody really cares."

The tour bus draws away, its lingerie collection fluttering in the air conditioned breeze ("no one else has as much as us") forsaking the screaming girls outside the backstage door for the screaming girls outside the hotel.

"We're a party band, a backyard party band. Ever since we've been playing clubs, we always thought we were in arenas. And we like to tour, we like to play live. That's our whole trip. Whether it sells records or not, it works.

"It seems weird to say this, but even though we've sold a lot of records, we haven't even begun to do what we want to do ... we have contracts among ourselves to make Ratt music for each other, for everybody. The day that one of us doesn't want to, that's the day the band is over. *(so tell that to Zeppelin and The Who! - cynical ed).* And that's not gonna be until we've made at least five albums, I guarantee that'

It is the morning after the night before: there isn't a whole lot to do in San Antonio except eat, sleep and "take advantage of the fringe benefits of Ratt 'n' roll." I wisely plump for the former and sojourn in one of Texas' "oldest and finest" Mexican establishments with guitarist Robbin Crosby.

Crosby is the other public face of Ratt. Amiable and easy going, neve theless at six foot plus, he has an imposing look, so you wouldn't nick his beer or kick his dog. In the LA rock street gang which spawned both Ratt and Crue, Robbin was/is known as The King. He alone led the gang which went out every night in Hollywood, got into and caused trouble. He describes them as Gladiator Lodge Meetings, or sick scout boys holding night jamborees.

"Stephen, Warren and myself, we lived in a place that we called Ratt Mansion West. It was a one-bedroom apartment where we had all the band's equipment - all the roadies lived there too, all of us in little cots backed up against the Marshall stacks. Every few weeks we'd pawn off a cabinet so that we could eat.

"We always had a firm belief that, if you were really dedicated from the start, you didn't need to do anything else outside of the group. Like, having a day job was out of the question. No time. We put 100 percent of our energy into the material, the show, trying to make something happen."

In Europe, a lot of punks have adopted the 'rat' label - in some of Holland's clubs, real rats are 'worn' on shoulders. Stephen likes the association; it fits in well with the band's impoverished beginnings, after all.

But Ratt lyrics bear scant resemblance to punk protest, settling for hard rock's musical lyrical zone of livin' and lovin'. Don't they want to rattle a few cages?

"Politics? No, we're not U2 or Tears for Fears. We don't need to say anything political. We wanna have fun, talk about girls, cowboys, y'know. It pisses me off when other people, bands from other countries talk about how f....d things are and then they bring it over here ... they don't understand. Who wants to hear about other peoples' problems? We don't need to write about that."

Like Springsteen having his lyrics broadcast in a speech by Reagen, did Ratt imagine their words being similarly broadcast?

"I don't know. . . I hope not."

I thought you were into cowboys.

Stephen Pearcy, a lifelong admirer of *Bonanza's* Little Joe, wipes his hand across his weary face.

"To me, a cowboy is John Wayne, not Ronald Reagen!"

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Tue 21 – Wed 22	Cardiff Workers Club
Thu 23	Castle Hill RSL Club
Fri 24	Revesby Workers Club
Sat 25	Shellharbour Workers Club
Sun 26	Central Coast Leagues Club
Mon 27	Tivoli, Sydney
Wed 29 –Thu 30	Cronulla Leagues Club
Fri 31	Bankstown Sports Club

FEBRUARY	
Sat 1	Rooty Hill RSL Club
Sun 2	Wentworthville Leagues Club
Mon 3	Lithgow Workers Club
Tue 4	Canberra Theatre
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DIXIE DREAMIN'

Ray Telford joins the THOMPSON TWINS as their US tour swings through the Florida everglades.

Toronto on Thursday afternoon was snowing, slushy, with the temperatures at a mind-chilling 2°F.

The very next day the Thompson Twins were in Florida, where the mercury seldom strayed under 70°F. Florida: wind, rain, surf. Palm trees swaying in the wind against cloudless sky, hard funk/blues blaring out of the radio, a flagon of Wild Turkey on the sideboard.

Just minutes after they booked into their hotel in Jacksonville, in the northern part of the state, half of the Thompson Twins entourage had headed for the pool, while those who'd seen the Bond movie *To Live and Let Die* donned cameras and played tourists at a nearby alligator reserve.

A day later they'd be heading further down to Miami, where everyone continued to work on suntans or splashed in the Atlantic.

"Did you know I met Grace Jones when we were in the Bahamas," Tom Bailey sat on the balmy screened porch of the Royal Biscane Hotel. He was slicing up grapefruit and sipping a cup of coffee. A couple of morning newspapers were scattered on the sofa behind him, having already been perused for their current affairs items.

"I introduced myself to her at the hotel, and she thought I was the porter. She dumped her bags and suitcases at me, and the next thing I knew, I was carrying them for her. She's a very nice lady even though she looks quite menacing; plus, she doesn't tip either!"

Of the colourful synth-pop British bands that have invaded American sensibilities over the past few years, Thompson Twins probably enjoy a credibility that the others like Duran, Culture C and Spandaus don't. Oh sure, when the Thompsons first toured here people who should have known better were hailing them as the new Talking Heads, which, of course, they weren't. However, they do share the same bent to calculatingly steal from bits and pieces of funk and new wave and throwing in a bit of ethnic music to tie the string with.

The difference is that the Thompsons are a bit too bouncy, a bit too comfortable, a bit too easy listening.

But there's a certain heart within the three. In the early days they took "audience involvement" to such a degree that they'd hand out instruments to the audience to play along. (It was a practice which was hastily abandoned when the played tozbigger and bigger crowds, and more and more instruments became stolen!).

They're staunch CND supporters and once marched in London under a Thompson Twins banner, just to get the rally a bit of media coverage. When the promoter of their British tour went bankrupt late last year and a number of their fans got burned, the band hastily recorded a limited edition live album in the US (where they were touring) and rushed it out just for them.

Dance

The Thompson, through a daunting series of hit singles, are slowly winning the fight to have their image seen on their terms. From just a quirky dance band, they are now being praised for their songs and instrumental abilities.

"We sell more records in America, because it's obviously a larger place," continued Bailey. "But we've had greater penetration in England, by which I mean more people are probably aware that we exist."

Bailey, like the others, tends to be serious in interviews. They talk about mass communication, how their aims have become commercial.

When they first started out in '77 in the north of England, they'd been a seven-piece experimental and political band (the name came from the detectives in the *Tin Tin* comic strip) who were into breaking down audience/artist barriers and urged people to jump on stage with them. Then, when they were finishing off their second LP, they found they were one track short, so Bailey went home and scribbled out "In The Name Of Love", and cut it with just Alannah Currie and Joe Leeway. The track was slick commercial disco-pop, and was so different that Bailey initially considered releasing it under a different name.

But then, as the story is now well known, he decided to change the Thompson Twins, instead, to a streamlined threesome.

The trio have had to endure barbs from the British critics. Some felt that a trio with a girl, a black man and a white man — all highly visual with the most modern of haircuts — had to be a crass marketing ploy. Others dismissed the Thompson Twins as part of a facile pop movement.

To which Bailey wearily explains that people either like pop or they don't — and that those who do like pop usually like the Thompson Twins.

Did the British critics possibly feel "betrayed" because the Thompsons' lyrics were generally universal, rather than specifically English?

"Well, my opinion on the British critics is that they keep changing their minds all the time anyway, so it doesn't matter. The English scene is very trendy at the moment, and it becomes quite annoying having to justify our working within the pop medium when it is quite obvious that millions of people throughout the world who buy Thompson Twins records do regard themselves as pop lovers and are, indeed, quite proud of it.

"But, to answer your question, certainly the lyrics tend to be universal rather than relate to a specific culture. Pop music's always done that.

"But then some of our songs are about social awareness, and if you get too specific . . . I mean, if we write about an issue in South London, I'm not sure how many people in Florida could be able to relate to it. So you spell it out as non-specifically as you can — we try to write about human issues, not just black issues or women's issues, but everybody's — and hope that your international audience can understand them.

"I try to read a lot when I'm on tour, simply to keep in touch with what's going on around the world. I go through a lot of books, too: right now I'm reading a collection of Oscar Wilde stories, which are a fascinating insight into his life."

Television

If Thompson Twins' international music clicked in the US simply because the country's diverse cultures and races seems to be a scaled-down globe, then of course a lot of their popularity comes from selling themselves through TV.

In the old days, Thompson Twins would have been hip in new York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, but considered too weird for the huge Midwest and the conservative South. Nowadays, MTV has leaped the gap: the South is just as hip as New York these days.

One of the shows was at Boca Ratan, a posh suburb two hours away from Miami, which boasts more millionaires per capita than anywhere else in America.

On stage that night, the Thompsons' stage set was akin to a giant TV set — soft, even blacklight, the effects (three monolithic screens for shadow dancing, fog and computerised lights) and staircase/dais for generally stomping around. The latter is quite necessary because, in concert, the subtleness of their records disappears; they become a tight dynamic outfit spitting out images and multi-rhythms.

"The stage set varies with the sort of venue we play. I'm not sure if all the set will fit into the sort of places we'll be playing in Australia, but it'll definitely be a great show. This is the visual age, and we make sure that everything's highly visual."

Did they have something special planned for Alannah's home country, New Zealand?

"From what I hear, New Zealand's planning something special for the Thompson Twins!"

A year ago the Thompson Twins' career looked in shambles. Tom had collapsed and had been ordered to rest for three months. But slowly they pulled it back together, with Nile Rodgers, who stepped in at the last minute to help them finish off their production.

Then there was the collapse of the British tour — which Tom says they will undertake in April, once the whole financial mess is cleaned up.

I recall that one of their videos had been shot in a quarry for Portugal. Did they visit zany places for their videos?

"I'm afraid not," he laughed, almost apologetically. "This whole thing about going to exotic places to do videos is a bit of a myth, because, when you make videos, you have to try and take as much control over the sound and light as possible . . . and the best place to do that is in the studios.

"So, I hope we're not too boring for you, but most of our videos are done in studios in England."

Was there a certain place he'd visited that he loved?

"My last holiday was in Bali; I spend about three weeks there last year. It was great, 'cos all I did was go surfing and meet interesting people.

"In fact, there were some Australian film makers there making a surf movie when I was there, and they became friends, whom I want to get in contact with when I get down to Australia.

"But my whole favourite place in the world is India. I feel very, very comfortable there. It's such a beautiful and exotic place, and it's not the sort of place where you can ever become bored.

"Because you can move in any direction from your hotel, and you can bet you'll find something very exciting to see or do."

VIOLENT FEMMES

New Album

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21 JAN SUFERS BOMBAY ROCK
22 JAN BYRON BAY ARTS FACTORY
24 JAN SYDNEY, ENMORE THEATRE
29 JAN ADELAIDE, LE ROX
31 JAN MELBOURNE, THE VENUE

THE SPITTER SPLATTER OF TINY FEET

Andy Gill in London visits the cruel workshops of "Spitting Image" (currently screening in Australia) and meets those infamous model makers FLUCK & LAW who made a success out of mercilessly lampooning popular media figures.

A BRACE OF THATCHERS

The first thing that greets you when you enter the *Spitting Image* workshop is a brace of Thatchers dangling from a rack suspended from the ceiling.

Horrid squidgy pink things, they hang there limply as if recently plucked and left to get a little gamey.

By their side hang a Howe or two, a Ron, and enough other sundry politicians to form a little Bilderberg Group. All soft, all pink, all lacking substance.

"I was talking to somebody who's a far more serious socialist than I am," says Roger Law, one half of caricaturist team Fluck & Law (aka Luck & Flaw) who make the *Spitting Image* puppets," and he thought the programme was worthwhile because it provides an ABC of who runs the country, for kids."

He may be right. Peter Fluck, though, has a more direct view of the programme's importance.

"It's good to take the piss out of politicians, because they live on a public image which is of their own choosing and is nicely controlled — their speech, clothes, smile, how they act, how they handle themselves, everything — and it's just very necessary, I think, to do the opposite, to take the piss out of that public image. Otherwise they really have got it all their own way: they've got the money, they've got the people to advise them — don't cough like that; don't blow your nose; don't speak out of that side of your mouth; have your hair done differently.

"The whole thing's a complete performance, and it needs the piss taking out of it to bring it down to a realistic level. They all do: the most unlikely politicians you hear going to How To Be On TV schools — even your nice trusty old lefties from the Labour Party go and get themselves groomed."

I'm sure they do. Even the most stodgy left-wingers of this world have to come to terms with the deal old Global Village.

THE ENOUGH MONEY FOR A MENTAL HOSPITAL SHOW

The Luck and Flaw partnership has been in operation since 1975. Both had been modelling separately, before, and each "made a take-over bid for the other" that year.

Setting up shop in an old church in Cambridge, they began to acquire a reputation as freelance illustrators of a unique kind, their plasticine grotesques appearing in magazines as far afield as Holland, America and Australia.

"It was a bit of a shock to me", says Fluck, "when we started this television thing, to find that the caricature/satire that's carried through years of print wouldn't last for more than 30 seconds on the screen. We'd built an excellent reputation and done some terrific work for print, and it was quite a shock to find that there wasn't actually a great deal of the television craft thar we could contribute to with ours."

He's probably being a bit harsh on himself there — it's commonly recognised that the series' major faults lie with the scripts rather than the puppets — though there's certainly a strange form of TV enervation that comes with those immobile heads of which more later.

The idea for *Spitting Image* first came several years ago, when the pair were the subject of an *Arena* documentary and used the exposure to ask anyone who knew how to make the models move to get in touch with them. A firm of graphic designers got in touch, and though they didn't know how to make the models move, they gave Luck & Flaw "a few quid" to research the problem.

Other investors followed — Clive Sinclair coughed up 20 grand ("mind you, he was going to give us 60..."), and the pair themselves sunk seven thou each into the project — before Central TV came up with a six-figure advance.

"I wanted to call the first series the *Enough Money For A Mental Hospital Show* says Fluck wryly, "but there were too many words..."

"First of all we were enthusiastic," remembers Law "then we got involved in the problems, and in the end the money ran out. We went back to Cambridge, and Luck & Flaw had literally three months to make six puppets work, otherwise we'd had it. By that time, we were so deep into debt that we had no choice — which in retrospect is not a bad way to do anything."

When they realised it was going to get bigger than both of them, they called in John Blair, an old friend and *TV Eye* documentary maker whose other achievements included writing Biko (the play) and making the documentary on Oscar Schindler, for which he received a BAFTA award. In 48 hours, he'd based the concept into shape, production-wise, and set about selling it to Central. With all his other irons in various fires, the pair "can't imagine why he bothered to organise *Spitting Image*".

Certainly, the sheer scale of the enterprise would put it way beyond an amateur's capabilities.

Apart from the Birmingham end of the operation — the actual TV crew, puppeteers, voices, and scriptwriters — the *Splm* workshop at Limehouse Studios in London's dockland houses some 18 people just making the models: Fluck, Law and two other caricaturists (Tim and David) doing the actual modelling, two people in the mould room, two more in the foam room, two more making the bodies, two more fitting the puppets together, one person painting the heads, three making the costumes, and two making tea.

"There's nothing in here that isn't an old craft or skill," claims Law,"apart from the foam technique, which is comparatively new — ten years old, about — but it's finding the old crafts and skills and putting them together in the right order to get there."

"The first series, we didn't know what the f... we were doing," says Law. "No one did. Halfway through, I thought they were trying to kill us — I was literally that paranoid. You just get so tired; looking back, I can't imagine how we got through so many puppets on the first series. We were just nailed to the desk — they were going along like a bloody Raleigh bike factory."

KEBABS, BUMS, BOGIES, AND THE LEON BRITTAN TURD

So far, they reckon they've built up a stock company of about 200 heads, and have settled down to a rate of about three or four new ones each week, depending on the script.

"Obviously, they try and go for people they think are going to be runners, that will get in more than just one show, because it's a lot of work to go to for just one appearance. When we're on top of it, like we are this week, we'll probably run through people that we think should be in the show. This week we'll probably look at Gromyko, Casper Weinberger and Schultz. We're always shoving in political figures we'd like them to write for..."

"...and they're always not using them!"

What happens if someone vaults into the news from the first time? On a satirical show, you must be under incredible pressure if something crops up at the last minute.

"That happens occasionally, but there's dozens of ways round it. You'd have somebody on the telephone, or you'd have somebody mentioned in a newspaper headline — there are dozens of ways round making a point without actually having the figure there. Lloydie's (John Lloyd, producer) obviously got into this; most of the stuff he wants on that's topical, he finds a way of getting. But if we hear on a

Tuesday, we can still knock 'em out a puppet for Friday."

"...and repair six bicycles at the same time!"

"It's much more fun this time round, because we've got time to think, time to work things out, like the doner kebabs. I've often wondered what those things were, whether they were pressed meat or what, and one of the young writers claims there's actually an animal *called* the kebab, that walks upright, with webbed feet and little hands, and it gets topped and tailed — *wallop!* Its hands come off, *wallop!* its legs come off — they stick it on a stick and it's ready to go. It's wonderful!"

The kebab's just one of the odds and sods the team work on in between their regular diet of politicians, public faces and media trendies. Sometimes this kind of diet can throw out something really disgusting, like the Leon Brittan Turd — literally, a bulbous, tapered turd with the epicene Home Secretary's face at the other end — but most of the time they find themselves catering to the bum fixation of the writers.

"We get sick of the bottom jokes, y'know — Can we have three bottoms this week? F..... hell...!"

More to their liking, it seems, is snot.

"Yes, snot. Peter came up with the Royal Bogie which is absolutely *disgusting*. It's the Royal Bogie, with a crown on, and it's captioned 'Royal Bogie', then you track back, and it's on TV, and you see two middle-class bogies sitting in a chair saying, I wish they wouldn't take the mickey out of these royal bogies, they can't answer back!"

Do you think the show should be mere disgusting?

"No, I think it should be sharper and harder, not more disgusting. It's quite disgusting enough, I think."

"But the younger members of the fraternity think we're getting too old, because we complained about the introduction of the new prince (Harry) coming out of Lady Di — a red carpet between two legs. It came down with a bugle and a flag, and we said we don't want it, it's disgusting; and they said how can you say that when you've done things like Hubert Humphrey wanking (called 'Can Humphrey make it stand?'). You did that ten years ago, you're just getting old!"

Beside age, of course, there's libel. Even though it's only puppets who 'say' things — and about whom things are 'said' — on *Splm*, the lawyers still have to check everything out. The pair confess themselves baffled at the vagaries of taste and libel.

"When we worked in print we knew what the rules were, and we'd push them — we'd do stuff that was marginal, and if we got it in it'd be a wonderful bonus, because you'd open up the *Sunday Times* and there'd be something really to the point. Here, we don't know the rules, and I'm astonished at some of the stuff they want to talk about."

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE PUPPET

How often do you think the show pulls punches?

"It hasn't got a punch to pull..."

One of those horrid Graphic Artist media climbers (of whom we all must know at least a couple) once asked Roger Law, in all innocence, how they'd "spotted a gap in the market" and filled it with *Splm*. Though his answer remains unrecorded, one can take it that Roger was far from gratified.

For him and Peter, the TV show is just an extension of their magazine work, and subject to the same impulses and intentions that fired those earlier figures — the urge to comment on, to criticise. Specifically, they like to throw political barbs. So do they think the show provides a threat, in the way the satirical shows of the '60s (ie, TW3 were held to be a threat?).

"No, I don't think people believe in politics or politicans as much," says Fluck. "They're not surprised or shocked to see politicians having the piss taken out of them on the screen. The only area they do get shocked and upset about is the piss being taken out of the Royal Family. I enjoy that..."

"In the '60s", adds Law, "anybody could — and almost everybody *did* — get in on the act of being awfully radical and doing naughty things. It's a f..... sight more difficult now."

"Well, people in the late '50s and early '60s did actually *expect* something out of life, but people don't expect things to work any more. They're not surprised when you say Thatcher's an arsehole, or whatever. They agree with you.

"We'd reached the point with *The Sunday Times*, which was one of our main outlets when we were caricaturists for print, of no more work.

"We just weren't getting the work. Murdoch didn't want it in his magazine: he pays the bills, maybe he's got a right to do that. That was the end of it. I think the reason we managed to transfer to television is that almost anybody, whatever their politics, got excited at the idea of making those images move."

"Anyway, Central TV — or any other TV company — would never have taken it seriously if we hadn't done all those years of print work. We did come with a certain pedigree. I think one of the big achievements of the show is that those puppets are on the screen. When the show's had a big audience — it's had 7½ million — that's a lot of people looking at insulting caricatures of people who think they're in charge.

"That, I think, is where the show's been effective. I don't think the content has changed anybody's opinion on anything."

Isn't the enormous number of TV personalities now appearing on the show — the Robin Days, Alistair Burnets, Clive Iames's, etc a sad indication of the box's power?

"Well, on the first series, we flatly refused to do people like Terry Wogan until the sixth (last) show. We said, it's got to be political, you've got to make it work, but they couldn't. They couldn't fill 25 minutes with political jokes, because most of the writers are apolitical."

"I'm not sure I'd want to see 25 minutes of solid political material, anyway."

"We failed, basically, we f..... *failed*. We suddenly realised, when we gave way and started to make the media people, that more people were watching it and they'd watch the political bits. So what we say now is, if we get one political point in the first half and one in the second, that's not bad for 1985."

Maybe not. It's undeniable that so far, though, the puppets themselves have been more articulately satirical than the script. This may have something to do with the fact that the same names crop up week in and week out on this show and that as scriptwriters, which accounts for the dull uniformity of sketch comedy on TV these days.

One wonders which of this comedy cartel got paid for the USA/USSR arms talks gag ("We want peace — a piece of Central America, etc.") and one wonders too, how much they'll be paying Mel Brooks in royalties, (The gag first appeared in *To Be Or Not To Be*).

The saddest comment on the show's scriptwriting talent is that one of the best "political" gags in the series so far — the one about the Cabinet welcoming Norman Tebbit back because it left them free to close down the hospital — came, according to Fluck, from a 14-year-old girl.

For Luck & Flaw, however, it's not so much the script as the puppets that are at fault especially their coldness and immobility.

Series

"One of the things that went wrong on the first series was that everybody thought that if we had them moving a bit, with a bit of lipstick and the right voice, we'd be home and dry — it'd be realism.

In actual fact it was a horrible letdown, because the puppet would come on looking exactly like who it was meant to be, and it *didn't do anything!*

"Now if you've got a Kermit, a bit of green felt that doesn't pretend to be anything but green felt, and then it *does* things, you're absolutely delighted! But here you've got this Reagan that looks exactly like Reagan, and then it doesn't act — God knows, he's a good actor, but it doesn't even do that!

Fluck, who had earlier expressed great admiration for the Henson/Oz team behind The Muppets ("Theirs get progressively more alive, the longer they're on screen. Ours get deader."), agrees.

"It's not the length of the sketch; it's the length of time a puppet's in front of the camera *on its own*. They get very lonely very quickly indeed — in seconds."

But doesn't the puppet's "loneliness" reflect on the script? Shouldn't it get sharper, to compensate?

"No, it's the puppets themselves. People criticise the scripts more than they criticise the scripts for other shows because it's so obvious that the puppets and the scripts don't go together. People like the puppets and won't find a single fault with them, but it's the puppets that are at fault, because they can't perform ordinary written material — which is not too much to expect of anything you put in front of a camera."

"We criticise the scripts because we don't think they're sharp enough or political enough," adds Law, "but we're a couple of old farts, and that has to be taken into account. But when you think that our writers, in their mid-20s, write for *The Young Ones*,, for this, for that, successful shows, they pick up awards for good comedy — not necessarily satire, but good comedy — why should they suddenly become atrocious when they write for *Spitting Image*? It's odd, isn't it? I think it's a very difficult thing for people to write for."

Maybe, but I don't find many of the new comedy shows actually make me laugh . . .

"You're probably right. But what Peter's saying is that they don't spend acres and acres of newsprint saying those scripts are lousy. Why do they do it with us?"

No reflection, I think the season people criticise the script for *SpIm* is that the show is so different, the puppets are remarkable (and cruel), and maybe they expect more from it.

On the other hand, of course, they may simply never have bothered watching all the other "alternative", "satirical" sketch shows after they saw how bad the pilots were, whereas with *Splm* people will watch just for the puppets, and continue to watch despite the lameness of the jokes. But as people get more used to the puppets, will their impact be diminished?

"I think the public's going to start expecting some content once they get used to the images."

I think he's right.

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CARTOON FUN WITH HUEY, DEWEY AND . . . THE SEEKERS?

Byron Smith chases the tale of Melbourne pseudo-cover band SHOWER SCENE FROM PSYCHO

Occasionally diversions encountered in the search for realisation of an aim can prove equally as fruitful as the initial aim sought.

Such was the case when your intrepid journo went in search of the 10 all time favorite songs of Melbourne pseudo-cover band Shower Scene From Psycho.

A list was initiated, but abandoned after the third note book. Failing to reach the aim of honing down the trio's faves into an itemisation short enough to fit into the space of the next five editions, the exercise provided the bait to attract personal idiosyncracies to surface like a school of flying fish, skipping from point to point and scene to scene like the fast moving cartoons which all three idolise.

The cartoon characters chased each others tails around their cluttered Fitzroy headquarters for nearly two hours. All the time Mickey watched in silence — permanently smiling on the side of a little red schoolbag on the coffee table. The kind of bag you see little kids carrying to school.

Its the personalities which make this band tick. They're as different and diverse as Prince Planet and Donald Duck, and it's reflecfted in both their music as a band, and in each members individuality.

Shower Scene from Psycho are recognised as Melbourne's most unique cover band. They are the Walt Disneys of local music, taking songs from their childhood and transforming them into instantly recognisable 'characters'. Pop songs which are novel, but tight and exciting.

They say the band was formed partly out of frustration with the conservatism and stylistic copy-cat nature of the times, tempered by the affectionate irreverence for the cultural icons of the 60's and 70's, and the genuine love of a good tune.

It's not surprising that they are perceived as an original band. Only the melody lines survive the metamorphasis; soda pop vocals — described by a flattering newspaper journalist as being like the sound of chimpmunks on speed, coupled with blatantly distorted guitar and a temperamental drum machine known affectionately as 'Roland', ensure it.

The absurd spectacle of listening and watching Huey, Dewey and Louie trying to agree on anything was a show not to be missed. Conversely the flippant dialogue proved more useful than any number of standard questions in revealing the influences of the band.

At first the three made a concerted effort to pick the non-existant 10 elusive titles.

"Perhaps we should just get three and a third each" was singer Simon's contribution. "Then of course there's songs and recordings — my favorites change all the time.

"In a lot of cases personal favorite songs will be favorites because they affected me in a certain way at a certain stage of my life."

For Tim on keyboards, that 'certain stage' began at six or seven when he can remember The Archies, The Monkees, and The Seekers emerging from the depths of his parents radiogram.

"My parents were really into The Seekers — but I didn't really appreciate them as much as I do now."

Simon offered another. "Well if I could put 'Elusion Of The Fury' by Harry Parch as a song, even though it goes for three records, I'd have to put that!"

Thanks Simon.

What about the songs you use live. Would any of them go on the list?

Tim: "Yeah plenty of them — but on second thoughts there's reasons for doing those songs other than just being favorite songs.

"We do choose songs we like and the reasons for liking them are quite complicated. Generally they've got to have a catchy beat, good melody, stuff like that . . . and a bit weird and you know we'll make them as weird as we can."

Simon chips in another gem for the readers enjoyment: "Another one of my favorite all time songs is an Andrew Sisters song called 'Hold Tight, Hold Tight — Want Some Seafood Mamma', but there's no way it would be one of the band's all time favorites."

Thanks Simon.

Worst

Shower Scene were once described by a publican as the worst band he'd ever seen and the same supportive newspaper journalist described their record 'Why Me' as the worst single ever recorded.

Not a bad compliment for a band that's only been around for a little over two years.

Simon: "Yeah that publican was pretty free in his opinions, though I wouldn't value his opinion. At the time we were flattered."

Tim: "It's better to be either the worst or best at something."

Simon: "To get an extreme reaction one way or the other in the 80's is a success.

"I think people have long got over the idea that art — or entertainment — has to be pleasant to be enjoyed. You know . . . happy music isn't the only music that makes people happy."

A couple of original songs have snuck into the set, what's the future for your original material?

"We're really hoping to do a lot more originals — we want to change a lot. Our next gig will be the last for a while. We just want to get a whole lot of new originals — and eventually we will probably become a different band."

This time it's Tim's turn to offer another masterpiece for contemplation: "'Summertime' by George and Ira is another favorite."

Simon: "Is that a different song to the one by Gershwin?"

Tim: "What? George and Ira Gershwin?"

Simon: "Oh! George and Ira!"

Both agree on that one?

Simon and Tim: "No"

Tim: "I like the way Ella Fitzgerald sings it"

Simon: "And I like the way Janis Joplin sings it."

Tim: "Oh, I don't think I've heard that."

Simon: "You must have! . . . best version I've ever heard."

Tim: "Yeah, I probably have."

By this stage I was expecting Porky Pig to emerge from an adjoining room — 'ablee, ablee, ablee, a that's all folks!"

Instead we were graced with the presence of scruffy veteran Melbourne guitarist Jack — who is remembered for his days moonlighting with Melbourne outfit Tombstone Hands and of course for his now monogomous role as the screach and screams behind the Shower Scene.

At first Jack responded to the idea of choosing a top ten list with compassion, before launching into a policy speech, emphasising the complexities, fruitlessness, and downright stupidity of being asked such a question.

"I don't really have a lot of favorite songs as such — just favorite groups and favorite albums. It's too hard to find one particular song. I think it's a stupid idea.

"The band is sort of a collective thing, where each of our individual opinions and tastes interact with each other. I mean, we have lots of similar things we like and lots of different things that we like and bring to bear in our music."

Simon: "This underlies the variety of personalities in the band, that come together for form a whole . . . oh yeah, by the way 'World Of Our Own' by The Seekers is a song we all like."

Why?

Tim: "Because you can make it country and western and it sounds fabulous, you can do anything with it."

Simon: "*Bad* reason to like a song! I like it because it's a song of ludicrous sort of egomaniac ideals . . . with a beat."

Thanks Simon.

Jack: "Couldn't have said it better myself. It's a good simple pop song and it's also very folky and singalong. It's got all the things that make it a good pop song — it's simple, easy to remember and it's got a lot of catchy little rhymes in it."

Despite believing that picking favorites was about as much fun as watching the news, Jack offered up "something by Captain Beefheart, definitely."

Simon: "Yeah, 'Electricty!' You like 'Electricity' Tim?"

Tim: "I'm not familiar with Beefheart songs by name."

Simon: EEEEEEEEELLLLLeeeeeccccctriciteeeeeeeee — it's that one."

Thanks Simon.

Tim: "Yeah, I luv it."

The future for Shower Scene from Psycho is like an unwritten cartoon script — anything could happen. They don't have an ultimate goal and are happy as long as there is a perceived progression.

Jack: "We're not saying like next year we're gonna do this or do that — you know things just happen and we follow along.

"Everyone's sort of a logical — or illogical progression, from what we've done before."

Simon: "It's all a bit of a scenic railway really . . . not quite a roller coaster."

Jack: "No, no — more like a slow train ride."

Simon: "Like we devote a large proportion of our lives to it, which is something you do when you're a working band. We also have something of that burning need of the artist."

The band obviously relies strongly on their approach to covers — is there any other image you're trying to imply?

In typical cartoon character fashion — Simon smiles and replies "Oh you know — that sort of idea of the 'cute geniuses'.

In fear of an unqualified misquote Tim leaps to the rescue:

"Image is something that we haven't really worked on — it's something that is starting to evolve anyway along with the band — we've basically got an image of being weirdos."

One perception people have of Shower Scene is that their attitude relies less on aggression and sways more towards one of self parody.

People seeing the band for the first time sometimes struggle to perceive its motivation. They often search aimlessly for a category in which to slot the sound — more than often however — they're interested. Jack says the band frequently attempts to demystify what they do through what appears to be a rare glimpse of honesty.

"In the past we've been really down to earth about the basic bullshit of what goes on about being in a band."

Tim: "Yeah, in the live situation we don't have any of the applied coolness that you get in many bands."

Jack: "Yeah, yeah, if we say things on stage, or wave our arms around and say 'hey that was our stage act' it's like pointing out that . . . 'look this is all an act right — this is what we do 'cos this is our job — we're playing at being pop stars' — it's like a game.

"It's a parody of the real thing . . . it's like a cartoon."

Simon: "We do seem to be willing to humiliate ourselves on stage — in fact we kind of do it deliberately in funny little ways.

"Personally I think it's a noble thing to be humiliated publically — because it's a humanitarian act. You're drawing everybody out there, all the real people — all those quivering masses of neurosis that are out there — you're sort of drawing them up into you. You know you're sort of sharing the insecurity of the audience."

Jack: "That's not exactly right you know Simon . . . stop quivering — but um, . . . I mean that what we do sometimes but most bands don't. They take that and throw it back and they use it for their own sort of petty power games and acting out the roles of being rock stars on stage."

Audiences don't dance to Shower Scene. Many try, but spend the rest of the night trying to untangle their legs.

It's like watching a cartoon, people relax and enjoy. But as human band members unable to rely on the security of a crowded dance floor, how do you gauge a reaction?

Jack: "Well we simply don't get that dance crowd reaction."

Tim: "Didn't we get clapped once?"

Simon: "Yeah, it was a slow one! Actually we're always fascinated by the different ways people can react."

Tim said the band has done gigs where a big section of the audience sings along.

"That's memorable — we've been singing songs and it will come to a point in the song where the music stops and everyone will be singing along — that's great."

Jack: "Nine out of ten bands on the pub circuit are dance bands — but we have no intention of making dance music."

Simon: "People could dance to our music — but disco has made people have to be spoon fed a beat."

Jack: "Yeah that's exactly right — peoples' feet just don't have the imagination they used to!!"

● **Photos — Byron Smith**

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They call me MISTER Page

Richard Page of hot new American band MR MISTER turned down an offer to be singer with Chicago — and with his own disc going No 1 Stateside, isn't he glad he did.

Richard Page, leader of the red-hot pop-rock band, Mr Mister, is legendary. But not for his singing, songwriting, bass playing or his band's No. 1 single, "Broken Wings." For years he was one of the heartiest partyers in the music business.

Also a heralded session and jingles singer, 32-year-old Page was accomplished in the fine art of having fun. "I dedicated a good five years of my life to partying," he recalled. "I woke up many mornings messed up. It was fun, I can't deny that."

He was also well-schooled in the art of self-destruction, doing the damage with drugs. This is not one of those dramatic, inspirational stories about some lost soul sinking to the bottom and rising out of the muck. Page never reached the bottom, but he was sliding. One day in 1984 he just decided it was time to halt the slide.

"Things were going wrong," he said. "I was going broke. My health was being destroyed. My nose was being destroyed (from cocaine). But something good was happening too. My wife was pregnant. I couldn't imagine coming home to this little baby, drugged out, my mind in outer space. It was time to wake up."

Naturally there is a happy ending. His wife is pregnant again (they have a 14-month-old daughter). The man who used to party all night now claims to be in bed after the 11 o'clock news.

So this cocky, good-looking macho man is now Mr Clean. Well, almost. At lunch, after smoking several cigarettes, he acknowledged that he had given up drugs: "The hardest thing was changing all my friends. I said: "I can't do this lifestyle anymore, find somebody else."

"But that was me, going to excess, going crazy. I know people who can do a blast (of cocaine) now and then and be fine. More power to them. I wish I could do it that way but I can't. I'm not that kind of personality."

And alcohol? "Sorry, but I still drink. I won't give that up. Do I look like a saint?"

A few months ago, Page was so excited about the release of the new Mr Mister album that he turned down a tempting offer, an invitation to join the venerable Chicago, taking over for Peter Cetera, who had just quit.

"It's like somebody handing you a million dollars," he said. "Those guys make so much money that it's ridiculous. When they travel they have two Lear jets, one smoking and one non-smoking. It was a flattering offer. I got it before our record started to happen. But it would have been empty for me to be in Chicago. I didn't want to spend years singing 'Only The Beginning'. It's a glorified nightclub gig.

"I just didn't want to leave my band then. I had a feeling we had a hit record this time. Even if we didn't have one, I wanted to try again."

That was not his first offer to join an established group. "I was asked to join Toto a couple of years ago, when they kicked Bobby Kimball out. I turned it down. I wanted to make it in my own band, not another one.

"I've always wanted to make it in my band. Studio work was just a sidelight. I made a lot of money but, more than anything else, I wanted to have a band that was successful."

Page should write a book. If he truthfully related his experiences, he would have a scandalous best-seller. Having worked in so many important sessions, he knows the inside story of many well-known albums and is familiar with the antics of many famous artists. Page told some terrific stories. Unfortunately, all — or parts of all of them — were off the record.

He was there during the famed studio battles between Donna Summer and producer Quincy Jones fours years ago during trying session.

One of his most disturbing jobs was singing on an album by the heavy-metal band, Motley Crue. What unsettled him most was having to sing an eight-letter obscenity over and over. "I was thinking to myself, 'What the hell am I doing here singing this crap'?"

Money, he admitted candidly, was the reason: "I was upset about singing that word but then I got a cheque for $1,600 and then I said, 'Well, OK, for that kind of money I'll sing it all night long'."

Singing on another heavy-metal album, by Twisted Sister, was even more upsetting. It is the only time, he insisted, that he has ever walked out on a job:

"They were singing those lyrics about Satan, '*burn in hell with the devil*' and all that. I had problems singing those lyrics about satanism. I don't need money that badly. I don't need to sing junk like that. I had nightmares about it. Writing songs with lyrics about Satan is irresponsible. People who write songs like that are just looking at dollar signs. They don't think about the effect on kids. Kids who are 12 and 13 take it seriously because it's what their heroes are singing. Kids think these guys have said something profound.

"Meanwhile these guys are laughing about this stuff. They don't take it seriously. Kids think they do but they don't. These guys don't take responsibility for singing this crap, but they should."

Mr Mister was recently the opening act on the prestigious and lucrative Tina Turner tour in the USA. On his day off, Page flew back to Los Angeles, his home since he and his partner, keyboardsplayer-singer-composer Steve George, migrated here from Phoenix in 1975.

Before forming Mr Mister four years ago, Page and George were in Pages, a band that made some adventurous, but unpopular pop-rock albums for CBS and Capitol Records. Page is still bitter about those failures, blaming lack of record company support.

In 1982, they added drummer Pat Mastelotto and guitarist Steve Farris, changed the name to Mr Mister and altered the sound, opting for more commercial pop-rock.

"We got some hate mail from fanatical Pages fans, saying we blew it, that starting a new band was crazy. But what we're doing now isn't that much different. The melodies are still there. People have just finally come around to our style."

The first RCA album, *I Wear The Face* released early 1985, was produced by Peter McIan, producer of the Men At Work hits. "Working with someone who had come off a hit album, we felt it would rub off on us," page said. "It didn't work that way. The album didn't do that well.

"Some of the songs were too calculated because we were trying too hard to get hit singles. But still, some of the tunes were good. The production was a little shaky, though."

On the second RCA album, *Welcome To The Real World*, currently in the American Top 25, they did things differently.

"Everything we had tried for all those years hadn't worked," he explained. "We had to take charge. Nobody can tell me how this band should sound. We were tired of other people telling us how to produce our songs. We convinced RCA to let us roduce the album. Look what happened. You can't argue with success."

— Dennis Hunt
(Los Angeles Times)

POP TRI-LOGY

Steve Phillips in Sydney takes a whirl into the land of teen dates, leather whips and THE TRILOBITES

Sometime in April 1985, Chris Masuak had just finished off a gig with the Screaming Tribesmen, when a chap pushed himself through the sweating crowd and introduced himself.

"Do you want to produce our record?" he asked eagerly.

And the much-in-demand Masuak, who wasn't quite sure who the pushy upstart was, found himself nodding.

Within a month, he was inside Trafalgar Studios, twiddling the knobs while The Trilobites put down the two sides for their debut single "Venus In Leather" and "Amphetamine Dream". Like the band, it's standard pop fare but with a feeling for muscle and melody that makes it a sort of record you could listen to a couple of times.

The chance meeting with Masuak (whom the band members idolised from his Birdman days) was just one of the breaks that has lucked out for the Trilobites, who'd started out playing only six months before.

"Guitar bands are a dime a dozen" confesses lead singer Mike Dalton "but any audience can quickly suss out what's good guitar music and what's bad guitar music. What we have to do is to play better to good.

"We play fast, we play loud and we play melodic. It all goes down to whether you like that kind of music or not.

"It's not easy to say whether one style of music finds it more easy-going to get exposure in Sydney or not, it's all a case of perservering and plugging away like a pug-nosed boxer. Some of the Sydney press didn't seem to think we had too much origiality, which is probably an ostrich-like attitude, as far as I'm concerned. because all rock and roll is a rehash what went down ten years before, with a new packaging."

Dalton lives with his girlfriend in an apartment above a shop in the southern suburb of Tensburb. In the living room, giant posters of *Star Trek*, *Get Smart* and *The Avengers* stare down at you in cult datedness. Obviously, Dalton's TV fetish rubs off into some of their self penned songs like "Attack Of The Yes Men" (ad-men) "American TV" (about the *Today* show) and "Legacy Of Morons" which they slip in between their Stooges/Remains, Flamin' Groovies covers.

Also, appropriately are, pictures of the Lipstick Killers — the late '70s wild Sydney band that Dalton says inspired both the band's music and its image.

"I'd actually never heard them play live," Dalton confesses "but my girlfriend was a great fan of theirs, she used to chase them around when she was in high school. But I'd hear their records, and there was a real ferocity about them which I really liked."

After being inspired by a late '70s pop band, had they gone back and investigated the sounds of the '60s?

"Oh yeah, if you went through our record collections, you'd find that the '60s are well-represented. Different members reached this point from different ways: I started out liking punk and then turning myself onto the '60s, while some of the others started out with '60s music and then got turned on to by punk".

It's been said that in a grunge-type way, Trilobites have captured the raw sound of the '60s Australian guitar bands. What's their response to one Adelaide Dj claiming them to be a continuation of the tradition pioneered by The Loved Ones and The Easybeats?

"Well, I'd be flattered" says Dalton, a little shaken by the comparison. "Mainly because we're just infantile, just starting out, while those bands reached the top of the ladder. I mean, it will be ages before the truth of a statement like that is verified."

Nevertheless, they're well on their way with their debut single, which is getting stacks of airplay on independant stations in Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane and even nudged into the AM Top 40 charts in Townsville.

The interesting thing, actually, is that a lot of their breaks have come totally accidentally.

Even the formation of the Trilobites, for instance, came about purely by chance. The rest of the band — guitarists Paul Skates and Martin Martini, basist Scott Leighton and drummer Paul Styman — were all playing in a band called United Underworld. They played at Leighton's 21st birthday party, when Styman recognised Dayton among the guests: they'd played together in a high school band called The Psychotics.

Dalton stumbled on and jammed with them; in a matter of days, United Underworld had sacked their singer, Dalton was handling their microphone duties and they'd changed their name.

Almost immediately, they got noticed by the major music magazines on the East Coast. In January 1985, they were included in Melbourne fanzine *Distant Violin's* compilation cassette. In February, they put out their own 30-minute live cassette *Let's Pump*, which startled them by selling 800 to date and getting To No.17 on the alternate charts.

Is that when they started to get serious about the whole thin, instead of just a looning fun band?

"We still are — and hopefully always will be — a looning fun band. There's no question of 'getting serious' because every band — whether it admits it or not — wants to get something musical down eventually. Every band dreams about recording that classic album which people will remember twenty or thirty years hence. I'm sure The Trilobites secretly have those sort of fantasies too.

"But right now, we're more concerned with day-to-day things without wondering about the far-reaching goals. We're thinking of the next single, without thinking of an album yet. We're thinking about going through our first tour, and hoping it'll make enough money, so that we can go back into the studios again to record the next single. We're thinking of when we can do this full-time rather than when we're gonna play China."

The record launch for the single last October, at the Sunderland Royal, was a hoot in the best Trilobites tradition. In between a BBQ, they got friends like the Hard-Ons, Itchy Feet, and Crawdaddies to support them. By the time Trilobites got up to play, there were 800 people, effectually turning the place into a steam bath. People jumped on tables, glasses were broken, others bled into the monitor bins; at the end of the night, the delighted venue owner told them that they'd just broken the bar takings record!

Through January, Trilobites had a first taste of the touring myths they'd eagerly read about time and time again in magazines such as this. Three dates in Melbourne were followed by four in Adelaide and two in Brisbane, before returning to Sydney to start work on the next single, most likely to be "American TV" and "Legend Of The Morons", add hopefully out by April/May.

After that, Dalton shrugs non-comutally, they'll see what Lady Luck brings them. But one thing's for certain: having already tasted airplay and chartdom with their debut single, The Trilobites are eager for more.

THE CRAMPS

By Mat Snow in Hollywood

Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, may well be the freakiest street in the Western World.

And the freakiness starts at feet level. "*Don't eat stuff off the sidewalk,*" goes the song; but for all the scuzz above, the sidewalks of Hollywood Boulevard are refreshingly stuff-free. Because when you step down Hollywood Boulevard, you're trampling on the famous. Here's Jack Benny, there's Ava Gardner, and there's . . . well, somebody you've never heard of.

Yes, democracy rears its battered little head where you'd least expect — in the plaques set in the Boulevard commemorating those who've played their part in Tinseltown's big parade. For every Ronald Reagan and Groucho Marx occupying their own starred plaque, there's a Chester B Schmuck whose contribution to screen, stage or radio at last gets equal billing with the greats.

But raise your eyes from immortality and decay is all around. Hollywood Boulevard is pretty low-rent; and what kooky elegance remains is being torn down by the developers, bit by fruity bit. You'll see very few air-conditioned Rolls Royces or BMWs, their drivers' eyes visored by Porsche and Rayban fixed implacably ahead, gliding down here like you do elsewhere in LA's dystopian autopolis. No, you see people. On the street. Walking. Browsing. Assuming the position against an LAPD unit whilst a cop turns out their pockets. Rubbernecking out and getting the fish-eye back.

Shopping.

For those with tastes a little bit out of the ordinary, Hollywood Boulevard is the place for you. For that genuine human-hair false beard a la Abe Lincoln with hormone trouble, or for that electric-blue fright-frizz, look no further than Shaky's Wigs. And if your fancy is even more exotically inclined, step into the world-famous purple palace of lingerie and more, Frederick's Of Hollywood. For a few measly bucks, a pair of Strawberry 'n' Passionfruit Flavored Edible Briefs can be yours. Appetite thus whetted, feast your minces on peekaboo negligees, split-crotch undies, tandem panties (for boudoir togetherness, one size fits all), and, for the playmate in your life, a selection of elephant faces to be worn strategically — complete with flapping ears and flatteringly long trunks.

Best shop by far, though, may be found just off Hollywood boulevard, at 1706 North Las Palmas. It is called Hollywood Book And Poster, and is run by a most nowledgeable and friendly gent by the name of Eric. If ever you're in town, do drop in, even if you're not too flush with folding green. Crammed with soundtrack discs, videos, posters, comics, movie books and photocopied film-scripts, this excellent store not only caters for the mainstream buff, but aims to tickle the drooling tastebuds of those who might describe themselves as gorehounds.

So for my ten dollars I not only came away with three fine stills of Bette Davis, but also an LP of '*The Amazing Film Scores Of Herschell Gordon Lewis*', which features the kettledrums, creepy organ, wracked violin, bluegrass songs and blood-curdling shrieks that go with those early '60s splatter pix *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs*. Just check out these tracks titles: 'Poolside Frolic', 'Eye Gouged Out', 'I Told You That Blade Was Sharp!', 'Brains Knocked Out', 'Obligatory Chase Scene', 'Legs Cut Off' and, best of all, 'A Fitting Death For The Garbage He Was'. Like the sleeve says, "GHASTLY BEYOND BELIEF!"

And, of course, this is the place we meet The Cramps. Because if Hollywood Boulevard even more than New York's 42nd Street, is The Cramps' favorite shopping centre, then Hollywood Book And Poster is their favorite shop.

Like the song says, "*Life is short/Fill it with stuff . .* "

Drag

"You *did* drag me out of the jacuzzi for this", drawls Nick Knox, drummer, Clint Eastwood fan, a laconic man of few words but many belches. Today he's a rhapsody in black from the tips of his heavy-duty biker gloves to the crown of his spotless bad-guy stetson. I'd asked how, five years after leaving New York City, The Cramps were enjoying the Californian lifestyle.

"Los Angeles gets bad rap too much: there's wondrous things here, there really is. It's a great, great place to be! The part of town where we live, East Hollywood, is really great — it's crumbling, it's where Paramount is, Allied Artists, Monogram, all those old studios. LA is huge, but wherever you go you're near somewhere famous, if you know the history of the place."

Lux Interior also favors necromatic black,

nicely setting off the alabaster pallor of his skin and putrescent green of his chewing gum. As tall as you'd imagine, his legs are slightly too short for his body, lending him a gangling, comic air. And when he gets vehement, the ghost of a Jimmy Stewart stammer creeps in. By contrast, he appears not to wear underpants. But Lux is the joker and talker, with the go-go gags and moony spiel of a man born to rock'n'roll. And if he's always on the up, then his other half of some 14 years delivers herself more carefully. Slim, tall and teetering in tight lurex pants and baby-doll fun-fleece, the intensity of Poison Ivy's glare as framed by those famous marmalade locks is softened when she puts on her diamante spectacles. Which is whenever a camera isn't pointed in her general direction.

All in all the Rorschach-Interiors are an adorable couple whose rightness for each other is all the more touching for the thought that neither could possibly be happy with anyone else.

As Ivy says, "We create our own world wherever we go . . ."

We've never really been able to surprise people before, and we want to surprise people with this one."

These cats were cagey about THE NEW CRAMPS LP OUT ANY WEEK NOW, FOLKS!!!! (With a February Europe tour to follow, their live sound to be filled out by a non-member six-string bassist!) They won't tell me its title, nor what the sleeve looks like. But it was recorded in Hollywood's United West studios as frequented by Elvis, Sinatra and The Beach Boys, and it consists almost entirely of originals, including a remix of the cult smash 45 'Can Your Pussy Do The Dog?', the only Cramps single ever to have grown on me.

"I like this, the best thing we've done since *Gravest Hits*," enthuses Lux, recalling their first EP from 1979, which is to be found on the excellent *Off The Bone* compilation.

Gravest Hits we did on our own. We got together 800 bucks and stole the car and went to Memphis with Alex (Chilton, producer, and legendary Box Top and big Star in his own right) and did that thing. Everything after that was a real IRS abomination, which was really hard a struggle, from getting the engineer to getting the money.

"For the first few years we were together we just played live all the time. That was great, we ran around, had a great time. And then after that we spent most of our time talking to lawyers (during the protracted legal case against their former record company IRS), or doing some other kind of stupid thing — there was nothin' else we could do. But that's been over now for quite a while, so it's great to get back to a place where all we care about it listening to old records and being inspired to do *our* records.

"We spend so much time listening to old records, watching old movies and telling old jokes . . ."

Old movies, old records and old jokes are where The Cramps live — not so much in the past as in the *decay* of the past. What about the present — does hardcore appeal?

"I don't like hardcore bands," snorts Lux; "they sound dull in most cases and I don't think it has that much to do with rock'n'roll. I like rebels at any time but, boy, that music is *not sexual* — it's *dull*. It's not only not sexual but it's aggressively *antisexual*, and I don't dig it. Rock'n'roll to me is sexual music, and that's all I care about is rock'n'roll — I'm kind of a specialist. I don't like nothin' else. That stuff is too fast to be sexual."

"It almost makes it *intellectual*," snipes Ivy.

"And a lot of goddamned bald-headed hardcore punks, it's a big show, a load of shit," continues Lux. "They're college kids who have this concept . . ."

"I don't know how to move to it," waxes Ivy. "And to me, if you don't know how to move then somethin"s either wrong or else it's foreign and ethnic and too weird . . ."

Too weird for The Cramps! No, The Cramps aren't in the business of out-weirding anybody: weirdness is a by-product, not an end in itself.

How about normal stuff? Madonna? MTV? Radio?

"I *try*," signs Lux. "I *try* to watch MTV, I really try. Ivy don't try. . ."

"I *do*, I do," remonstrates Ivy. "In fact the other day I listened to the most pop-hits radiostation because I just wanted to hear what people are doing in the studios now. There are things available now there weren't in the past, so I want to be open-minded and see if there's one-tenth, one 99th, I can listen to. But I just got gagged, I just couldn't get through after six songs, it was so foul."

As for The Jesus And Mary Chain, the pleasure still awaits them . . .

A paws for thought, my pets.

How come The Cramps continue to be Australia's favorite combo outside the starryrockratic establishment?

How come they still hang on in there after all these years?

It's all a matter of faith.

The Cramps' faith in each other is cast-iron — like the three mouseketeers, it's all for one and one for all. And their faith in rock'n'roll is religious in fervour and profundity. Can you imagine them retiring from rock'n'roll? Can you imagine them packing it in to return to their old jobs waiting tables?

Nor me.

Vices

"We have so many secret vices we have a hard time working The Cramps into it!"

I'd asked if they had any secret vices, un-Cramplike predilections for, say, jogging, Mozart, vegetarianism or — taking their cover of The Trashmen's 'Surfin' Bird' and their own 'Surfin' Dead' as clues — surfin'?!?

Ivy: "No. I tried it once but . . ."

Lux: "I feel like I've been surfing, I've listened to enough surf records. I think there's

Return Of The Living Dead

something more deviant about surf records than really had to do with surf music. All the best surf music was made in our part of town, a whole way away from the beach. That becomes suspect in my mind because all those records are so, like, manic. Maybe the girls in their bikinis caused all this manic activity, but I think it had something to do with something more involved than that. . ." he tails off mysteriously.

So The Cramps don't surf. Cars then: fuel-conscious Saab Turbos? No sir: Nick driver a '62 mid-blue Ford T'bird, whilst Lux and Ivy get around in a magnificent gold and cream 1956 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer with white-walled tyres ("it looks like a catfish from outer space"). But what's this on the bumper sticker? Support the LA Raiders?!? A secret vice: The Cramps dig American football!

"Nick's been to every Raiders game this season," beams Lux. "The Raiders are more rock'n'roll than 99 out 100 groups today. Wherever they go people are frightened to death of them . . ."

Ivy: "They're a bunch of hoodlums. There's a cliche about sport: It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game. But their motto is just 'Win, baby!' "

Lux: "The truth of the matter is they just want to go in and destroy the other team."

Ivy: "Their following is totally different from other teams: it's people who love that kind of thing."

Lux: "Their uniform is silver and black with skull and crossbones. Any place they play they sell out the stadium because people know there's gonna be fights. When the Raiders play, they say, 'Your mother's a bitch, you asshole!' They scream at other players, they antagonise them. It's not like morale-building, good-natured sports, it's way beyond.

"The Raiders are the greatest!"

That's one kind of kick. Here's another . . .

"Ecstasy is really great!" proclaims Lux. "Have you ever taken Ecstacy? It's LSD, heroin . . . it makes you lurve your fellow man. Can you imagine a drug which makes you lurve your fellow man?"

His beatific grin quickly evaporates into a mock-responsible expression following a warning glance from Ivy.

"I hear it's very dangerous and will destroy your mind!"

"Yeah," concurs Ivy; "it'll give you Parkinson's Disease."

Lux: "We're not promoting that drug, but . . ."

Ivy: "It was fun at the time, but some of the things I've heard about it since, I've backed off. Some things we may have done, but we didn't do it with our eyes open. We're not authorities on the subject."

Lux: "I don't recommend anybody to go out and try any drugs on my say-so. It's too bad they're not legal cos anybody can make 'em and anything can happen."

Ivy: "About secret vices, I think people imagine that we've done everything. Whether or not they're right . . ."

Whatever, you look pretty healthy on it.

"*Really*?!?" exlaims Lux, his flabber well gasted. "You'll have to get your eyes checked!"

"I think we do," demurs Ivy sweetly. "It's weird: other people say we don't. I think it's because we're so into pallor. But you come from Britain where it probably isn't unusual. but to Americans we look sick, which is a cultural opinion."

"Mamie Van Doren ('50s blonde bombshell startlet of such movies as *The Beat Generation* and *Untamed Youth)* would look gorgeous right now if she hadn't sat out in the sun, and now her face looks like an alligator purse," sighs Lux, a long-time fan.

Exercise?

"I talk about exercising a lot, but I never do it," confesses Lux. "I will exercise before we go on tour, otherwise I'll have a heart-attack on stage — won't that be a horrible sight? Every other time we played I used to throw up on stage — I could do it on cue. I was pretty proud of it for a while until I realised it was killing me."

Ivy: "One time they flew us from LA to Leeds in England to do a festival, just one gig . . ."

Lux; "That's when I knew I was a success — I get paid 15,000 dollars to throw up?"

Nick: "After the show in Leeds, everybody told Lux, 'Brilliant!' "

Lux: "They said, 'How did you manage to think of it?' And I said it just seemed natural at the time, ha ha!"

"That's showbiz, I guess!" Lux is explaining how, after the Cramps had been commissioned to write and record a new song, 'Surfin' Dead', for Dan O'Bannon's hilarious zombie pie *The Return Of The Living Dead* in three days flat, it took nearly a year afterwards for the movie to come out.

"That's the way horror movies were in the '50s, and I haven't seen any since that are like that — funny, but not a comedy. It all stems from exploitation: there's something really valuable about making movies that people lose when they start making artistic statements.

"I like really taking time and getting mixes right and doing it right. But in a way there's also something valuable to be said about the Roger Corman school, the deadline. There's something about spontaneity you can't get with all the tracks in the world.

"We see a lot of exploitation movies — the video revolution has changed our lives! — and a lot of the best stuff was made in just three or four days, a whole 90 minute movie, for money."

Ivy: "We just saw this movie *college Girl Confidential* that's from '66 or something, which has this LSD party at the end. And it's not like hippies on LSD . . ."

Lux: "The girls have real big beehives, the guys have DAs."

Ivy: "It's like the difference between the way people dressed between 1963 and 1969 is vast. Seeing people from 1963 at an LSD party is really strange. What they do is take turns dancing with each other) it's such an early '60s idea!"

And Herschell Gordon Lewis?

Ivy: "He exaggerates characters. Every person who walks onto the screen is a caricature. What I don't like about modern movies is naturalism, which isn't natural to me: it's unnatural."

Shack

"There are people who call themselves negroes in Mississippi who play every Saturday night in a shack where 25 people can fit in and they get 50 in, y'know, someplace in the woods.

"One guy has a Stratocaster and he plugs it in and turns it up all the way and plays Bo Diddley rhythms for four or five hours and people dance to it until they're out of their minds. And that's probably happening right now as we sit here but the rest of the world will never know. And it's really too bad that they don't, too bad that it doesn't get closer to what we call popular music. Rockabilly was popular for a short period in 1956, '57, and it's too bad it can never happen again."

Never, Lux?

"I used to think rock'n'roll travels in cycles and some day it'll get back to the brilliance it once had. It's been too long and it was never written down. People know more about King Tut than what happend in the '50s.

"Rockabilly should have inspired something to happen that was so great, so passionate, so sexual that it should have taken us to another place. But it was also so dangerous that no-one wanted to know about it. Most people on this planet are very scared. Rockabilly scared them to death. It was the height of modern-day culture, the 20th Century thing . . ."

Is there no thrill in being underdogs in the undeground?

"No . . . Jerry Lee Lewis would never like to record 'Great Balls Of Fire' or 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On' and say, 'I want to be a cult hero'. Jerry Lee Lewis wanted to be the King Of Rock'n'Roll and that's the only reason to do it. To me, rock'n'roll is so great that everyone in the world should think it's the greatest thing that's happening, and if they don't, they're turds.

"I understand that the mainstream is dogshit and that a cult artist is probably doing something worthwhile, but I can't think of it that way. All I can think is the way Jerry Lee would think like rock'n'roll is supposed to be the people's music, mass music; it isn't supposed to be a cult thing."

You sound like rock'n'roll missionaries.

"Well, I think we love it and we live it and it is who we are, whether we want it to be or not. But we respect it enough that I don't think it's something that can be done again. It's something that was done once; it came from a time and a place. You can't take a goddamned 16-year-old kid and expect him to understand what some goddamned ignorant Southern hillbilly moonshiner cool guy knew back then 30 years ago. Cos what some guy knew back then in Tennessee is way beyond what anybody in America could enjoy today."

Ivy: "I don't think we have the discipline to be missionaries for anything. But if it was for anything, it would be for excitement and passion and culture. That wide and that vague."

Lux: "That's the most we can hope for."

That's it in a nutshell?

"That's it in a nuthouse!"

THE RADIATORS:

Still seeking the hot spot

Pic by Tony Mott

By Scott Howlett in Sydney

Despite not having any record on the charts for one year, nor any major chart success in their seven year career, The Radiators recently broke two house records in NSW. Therein lies the extent of the Sydney-based band's success and also their dilemma: Despite being one of Australia's most consistent crowd pulling bands (and one of this country's best hard rock acts) The Radiators have never sold many records.

And as disillusioning as that may be to bass guitarist Geoff Turner, he says: "I can't imagine life without The Rads."

Turner puts down the relative failure of their records to the lack of understanding producers have of the band, disinterest of EMI Records towards the band over their last two albums and the snobbery of the media.

Turner doesn't want to whinge about the last problem, but the band have, indeed, been treated poorly by the media. especially the radio. Because they come from Sydney's western suburbs, which is a region not universally accepted by the unlanded aristocracy in Sydney nor appreciated as any kind of cultural hot spot, the band have forever been labelled "westies" and, hence, been treated with disdain and contempt.

They also play rock'n'roll, and we all know how unhip that can be. The slam dunk feel and closed fisted approach to their music is nothing like designer skirts or gelled hair and so The Radiators will probably find it hard to come out of the coal mine and share the same amount of airplay as The Machinations or Do Re Mi.

It's going to be difficult to resolve this problem, but recently The Radiators attempted to get rid of, claimed, producer ignorance, by producing and designing their own demos and, Turner says, they will produce their next album.

"Over four producers, the four albums have not caught on," Turner says. "Now we can control our own destiny. For the next record we'll get a good engineer instead of a good producer who might not get it right anyway."

The predicament which fell on The Rad's last album, *Life's A Gamble*. For this their last record for the EMI label, The Radiators secured Ken Scott of Supertramp renown. But this pairing didn't work well, Turner says. "He took all the edge out. He didn't produce what The Rad's should sound like. I'm not sure how we should exactly sound but I know it should be big and fat, bright and sparkly."

That is how it usually sounds on stage. The Radiators are a very professional live outfit and never fail to put on a good show, probably because they've played so much together. Turner guesses the band have played 1500 gigs in seven years. He says they've slowed down a little now and only do 200 gigs a year.

"In '78 and '79 we were doing 10 shows a week, three shows a day sometimes. We once played in two states in one night, an early show in Queensland and the late show at Blacktown (NSW)."

This rigorous obsession with live music does get boring sometimes, Turner says. "Of course it does. Sometimes it is a bit of a grind and seems never ending. Your fingers and throat get sore but we handle that now by having more breaks and learning to balance it out. That's the key to keeping on going.

"We've always considered a career," he says when asked if the thrill of it all has gone. "But would rather do this than anything else. It's either this or work with the council. We don't bundy on for a show or anything, I mean, I still get knots in my stomach before I go on stage. And the stage is another world. You feel, "this is it, this is what I live for". The work on stage keeps us going I reckon. And we gotta get that across on record for the longevity of the band.

"We've been pretty unlucky at times, but we've always bounced back. We haven't been given a good review in the media. We've had reviews that would make you cry. I remember one review by a guy in Adelaide who said *Life's A Gamble* was 12 laughable tracks. How can you say that? Probably didn't even listen to the record at all. It's all snobbery. We've always been tagged and pigeon-holed by the media as mindless, heavy metal moron yobos. They always slag us for coming from the western suburbs too. There's nothing wrong with coming from the west, but we're a Sydney band not a district band..

"The Radiators are still going strong. We haven't been that visual lately but we're stronger than ever. After seven years together that's quite amazing. We're re-born even though we never died."

JAGGER

Mick is not one who's into remembering the past, but writing his autobiography brings it all back home to him

When Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Brian Jones were having problems with the law over various drug possession charges, Jagger was paranoid. The lowpoint of his career as singer with the Rolling Stones was, he says, in 1967 and 1970 when he was convicted of indian hemp and canabis, respectively.

"People were trying to throw me in jail at the end of the 60s and early 70s," Jagger says from Paris. "That was a tough time for me and the mates in the band. People definitely had it in for us. Once they saw that they could get it in for you, they had it."

He doesn't look back even now and put the whole drug experience down as trappings of stardom and ignorance of youth. In a career which has made him a multi-millionaire and an integral part of rock'n'roll history, his drug experiences are rather forgotten.

Soon he will have to remember them though. Two years ago Jagger was allegedly paid $2 million to write his autobiography. He says he is half way through the book, its continuation postponed due to the recording of the Stones new album, *Dirty Work*. The LP is released on February 17. A single, untitled at time of writing, is launched on January 28. A tour starts in the US in June. Asked if the Stones would extend the tour to other countries, Jagger said: "We'll see how far we get in the US. I'm looking forward to the tour. It's been a long time since I've been on the road."

When the road ends he will continue writing the autobiography. Jagger, whose lips were the model for Andy Warhol's 'Licking Tongue' logo which first appeared on the *Sticky Fingers* album in 1971, says he's enjoyed the task.

"There's so many books about the Rolling Stones which are mostly garbage — either untrue or boring — so when I was asked to do one I thought I'd have a go. I've put it on the back burner now because of the Stones album, but it's been a lot of fun to do actually. I'md enjoying writing the childhood and growing up bits."

Instant facts: Michael Phillip Jagger was born July 26, 1944, in a small house in Brent Lane, Dartford, England, to a physical education teacher, Basil 'Joe' Jagger and Eva Scotts, a housewife. The house had pebbled walls and French windows opening out into the garden where Mick and his brother Chris used to spend hours swinging from the trees. Mick was as leader at school, his mother expected him to be a politician.'

Jagger remembers a positive childhood, but had troubles with girls when he was a teenager. "I had a relatively happy childhood, yeah. In England there was very little money about when I was growing up. We weren't very affluent, but I had a very secure upbringing. I had enough pimples when I was young and I was a bit skinny. But the main problem was that I never had enough money to take a girl out to the pictures or get a car. A girl likes to be taken out and shown a good time. When you're 13 life's very difficult, but, I think, when you get to 16 things begin to improve. My advice to young guys is to get rid of the pimples and pump iron."

Jagger attended the London School of economics to study accountancy, but was always more interested in music. He'd met Keith Richards at Dartford Maypole Primary School in 1950 and years later they got together will other lovers of R&B to form the Rolling Stones, named after a 1948 Muddy Waters song, Rollin' Stone. The band in fact called themselves this until manager Andrew Loog Oldham came along and brought with him the extra G. The Rolling Stones played their first gig on Thursday 12 July, 1962. Early in their career The Stones opened for Stevie Wonder (later he opened for the Stones) and the band used a pseudonym for their early compositions, Nanker Phelge.

The first four Stones singles were not written by them. "Come On" was penned by Chuck Berry, "I Wanna Be Your Man" by McCartney and Lennon, "Not Fade Away" was Buddy Holly's and "It's All Over Now" by Bobby Womack and The Valentins, which was also the band's first No. 1 in Britain in 1964. Their own "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" was the first No. 1 in the US one year later, and is still acclaimed today as the perfect rock and roll record.

Together with The Beatles, The Rolling Stones will always be mentioned when discussing great, influential and important bands of the past. The Beatles and Stones were rivals but, to use a cliche, friendly ones. The Stones recorded Lennon-McCartney's "I Wanna Be You Man" and the two Beatles sang back-up vocals on 1967's "We Love You." Jagger has never sung on a Beatles track (though he did supply a voice on Carly Simon's "You're So Vain" in 1972) but Brian Jones played sax on Lennon's "You Know My Name (Look Up The Number)".

The Stones have been around longer than any other popular rock'n'roll band. Jagger, who calls the Stones "the pop group", attributes their staying power and longuevity to perseverance.

"Well," he says, "I can't say talent because it would sound immodest. I think perseverence is the key. Keep going at it and don't get depressed when things go wrong. Some people think things have always been rosey, but, of course, for anyone in any walk of life, there's always problems.

Two of the greatest problems which immediately spring to mind are Brian Jones' death and the debacle surrounding The Stones performance at Altamont. Jones had already quit the band and been replaced by Mick Taylor when he drowned in his swimming pool in July 1969. In memory and tribute to Jones death, Jagger read poetry and released thousands of butterflys at an outdoor concert in front of 250,000 people.

At Altamont, a concertgoer was beaten and stabbed to death by a group of Hells Angels, who had been employed by the band to act as security guards. As a sideline, the camera man shooting the Altamont concert (which features extensively in 1971's *Gimme Shelter* move) was George Lucas, creator of the *Star Wars* saga.

A lesser problem which you may not know about surrounded the Stones performance on the *Ed Sullivan Show* a top rating US variety TV show. Like The Doors and Crosby, Stills & Nash before them, Ed Sullivan objected to certain Stones lyrics. He asked The Stones to censor the lyrics to Let's Spend The Night Together so it would be heard: "Let's spend some time together'.

Most of all though, The Stones are known for their music and Jagger's pouting lips and swaggering presence. When talking of this, Jagger compares himself to a stripper.

"Being a rock singer is not much different than being a stripper," he says. "Well, when you think about it, what does a rock singer do but come on stage, be a sex object, swing his hips about, shake his bum and basically act the fool. And when it gets too hot you take your clothes off. There isn't a lot of difference in it."

Last year Mick Jagger released his first solo album, *She's The Boss*. He did'nt release one for the first 20 years of the Stones because, he says, he was too lazy. And he didn't approach the making of a solo album with a great deal of seriousness. "I thought the solo album would be a bit of a laugh and it seemed to be the right time to do it. After we did the videos for *Undercover* (the Rolling Stones last studio album) I thought: 'ello, I don't want to go back int the studio with the Stones, I've just spent a year with them, I'll do an album on my own."

One of the songs on *She's The Boss* dealt with gambling. It was a cue for Jagger to be deep. "I don't like gambling, but I think life's a gamble," he says. "I think coincidence and chance are important in life. It's a coincidence that most things happen by chance and hou have to grab that chance while it's there and make the most of it. That's my lunchtime advice."

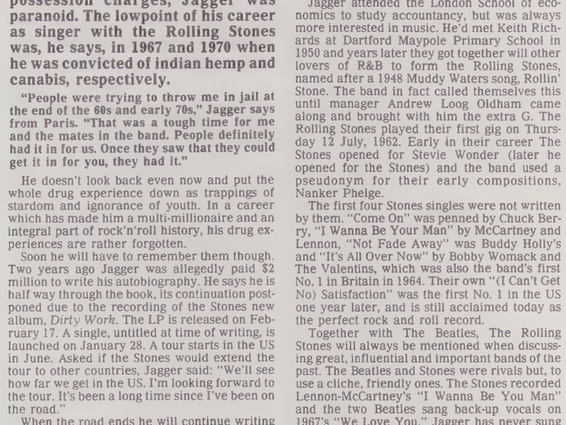
She's A Boss was a competent album, one that shouldn't be dismissed after only a couple of listens, but clearly it didn't have the guts of most Stones albums. *Undercover*, the last, was fairly atrocious I thought. But the Stones have always delivered and should prove worthwhile. After all, it's taken two years to release.

Jagger says his favorite Stones albums are the first one — "because it proved the band had something" — and the *Aftermath* album — "it was the first one we'd written all the songs for ourselves."

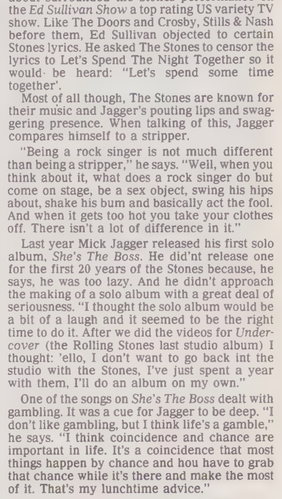
He says Jerry and his kids are fine. The latter are approaching that age where boys come to call. Imagine telling your friends at school that you go out with Mick Jagger's daughter. I don't reckon you'd have too much trouble buying lunch at the canteen if you were seen with 14-year-old Karis (from Jagger's affair with actress Marsha Hunt) or Jade, 13 (Bianca and Mick's daughter).

And when the boys come a-calling: "You have to speak to them," Jagger says. "You make friends with them and not be too distant. I warn them to a certain extent, but it's early days yet."

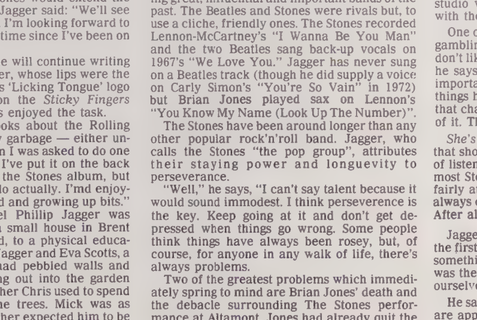
Special report by SCOTT HOWLETT



With mum, dad and younger brother Chris.



Jade Jagger.



On Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll

The price of fame: Mick'n'Jerri hunted by the pr' 's.

A pause that refreshes.

Playing cloak and Jagger with a flag.

Mick and Keith leave a London magistrates court after facing drug charges in 1967.

Elusive beautiful Brian Jones . . . a spectre over Jagger.

Jagger takes a break from filming 'Ned Kelly' in Australia in 1968, chatting to a NSW cop.

Peaceful Hells Angels watch as the Stones play Hyde Park in London for Brian Jones. They wouldn't be so peaceful in Altamont.

Spray it loud!

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Cooking With George Mark Too
(Festival)

Cooking With George Mark Too is the logical extension on Sydney FM station 2JJJ's first collection of new groups. The first album contained tracks from the likes of I'm Talking, Shower Scene From Psycho, Huxton Creepers and Flotsam Jetsam and was successful as a showcase for new talent.

Mark Too, circa 1985, contains tracks from 13 bands of varying interest from around Australia. There's not a great deal of variety in styles on show however; it's either the synth pop stylings of Pink Slips, Blame Stella and The Technicians, or the 60's inspired guitar-la-rama pop of The Bamboos, The Arctic Circles and The Dust Collection.

A few exceptions include the big band sleaze of Lovs e Blur and the blurred vision of Tootieville, a sort of cross between Tom Waites/Nick Cave angst, with touches of avante-jazz.

What's important on the set is the consistent and impressive porduction quality achieved across the board. Of course each band was recorded in the ABC studios of each capital city, with the best equipment and assistance from top engineers and producers. If *Mark Too* doesn't score full points for content (don't get me wrong, there is some quite excellent material here), it's crowning glory is the preparation and high post-production standards achieved. The set doesn't sound polished, yet it's crisp and clean.

There's six 12" 45 RPM EPs in this collection, all contained within a simulated, plastic film can. Only one problem though; the damn thing has a habit of rolling off the record shelf. Not to worry.

Each band has three tracks on one side of an EP (except The Dust Collection and The Garden Path who share a side). Inevitablely we only glimpse certain aspects of each band and perhaps their contributions could be viewed in terms of being singles.

From Sydney come Pink Slips and Dance Park. Just to prove that not all Sydney bands are Radio Birdman inspired guitar thrashers, these two bands operate in the dance pop field.

Pink Slips exhibit a strong soul influence, particularly on the moody, yet pleasant ballad 'Ache' and the up-tempo 'Trapped In The Groove'. Dance Park operate on a more serious level as the lush ballad 'New Age' shows.

From Melbourne come current mainstream faves Boom Crash Opera, as well as The Arctic Circles and Tootieville. Boom Crash Opera are sophisticated pop stylists and the first song 'Gap That Opened' is a superbly crafted piece while 'City Flat' and 'Axe To Grind', in comparison are sterile and uninteresting.

The Arctic Circles come on with an adrenalin rush and never let up as they charge through the blitzkreig pop of 'Walk Away', 'You Satisfy Me' and 'Why?'. Great stuff, but not varied enough to allow the listener to savor the full delights of the band's sound. Tootieville must get the award for the most bizarre and adventurous unit here, even if the pace of 'Friends On Top Of Friends' and 'Ponte Sisto' ultimately becomes too tedious.

From Adelaide come the 60's inspired The Dust Collection whose one song here, 'So Sad Today', is an absolute gem, and The Garden Path whose swirling 'What Do You Want To Hear?' and 'Times (Out Of Mind)' are also standouts. In contrast Blame Stella's lightweight synth pop as shown on 'When The Hammer Hits', 'Work Things Out' and 'Winners' is a little too shallow.

Perth has thrown up a trio of guitar bands in The Mutants Of Desire, The Bamboos and Femme Fatale. Femme Fatale is the more obviously grungy outfit as 'My Mind' and the rush of their version of 'Jet Boy Jet Girl' show a lack of sufficient experience. The Mutants Of Desire have an altogether rawer and darker approach as 'Assassin', 'Babylon' and 'My Time' reveal.

The Bamboos however, are a real find. Their exploration of the rock genre via Gun Club and Hoodoo Gurus influences, with touches of country-blues is at times inspiring. 'Law Of A Gun' and 'Gone Wishin'' are fairly standard, although 'Virginia' is a lovely countryish ballad of true charm.

From Brisbane comes Lovs e Blur, and The Technicians whose electronic pop is bright and breezy and not too taxing as 'Talk Of Wonder' and 'The Countdown' show. Lovs e Blur start promisingly with the sleazy piano and wonderful jazzy vocals of 'Stab Stab', but quickly falter with 'A Whisper Away' and the heavier 'Oh My God' failing to intrigue.

So all in all a very enthusiastic and reasonably promising collection of young local talent. It's difficult to predict if any of the bands will continue to produce quality material and indeed achieve chart success. Chances are that a few will. What's important is that they have been given the chance to prove themselves and should not stop now. There are plenty more talented young bands around; we only have to look more closely.

— IAN McFARLANE

THE ALARM
Strength
(CBS)

The Alarm are an incredibly open, *obvious* band. They wear their hearts on their sleeves, their socks, their foreheads and I shouldn't wonder, their pyjamas. One-dimensional and subtle as a rubber bullet, they allow you to make Broad Statements. So . . .

***Strength* is the sound of both premature mid-life crisis and extended teenagehood, all bedroom bellyaching and teethgnashing about lost love, lost virility and lost time, new crises and new horizons. Nag, nag, nag.**

***Strength* is Trad Rock. After four years living off the second Clash album, The Alarm aren't about to start learning new tricks. The old furniture is simply polished up — the rhythms ever msore nailed in the 4/4 themp-themp-bang cul-de-sac, the guitars a touch more proficient, solo-inclined and pyrotechnic. On the back cover The Alarm look suspiciously like The Pretenders.**

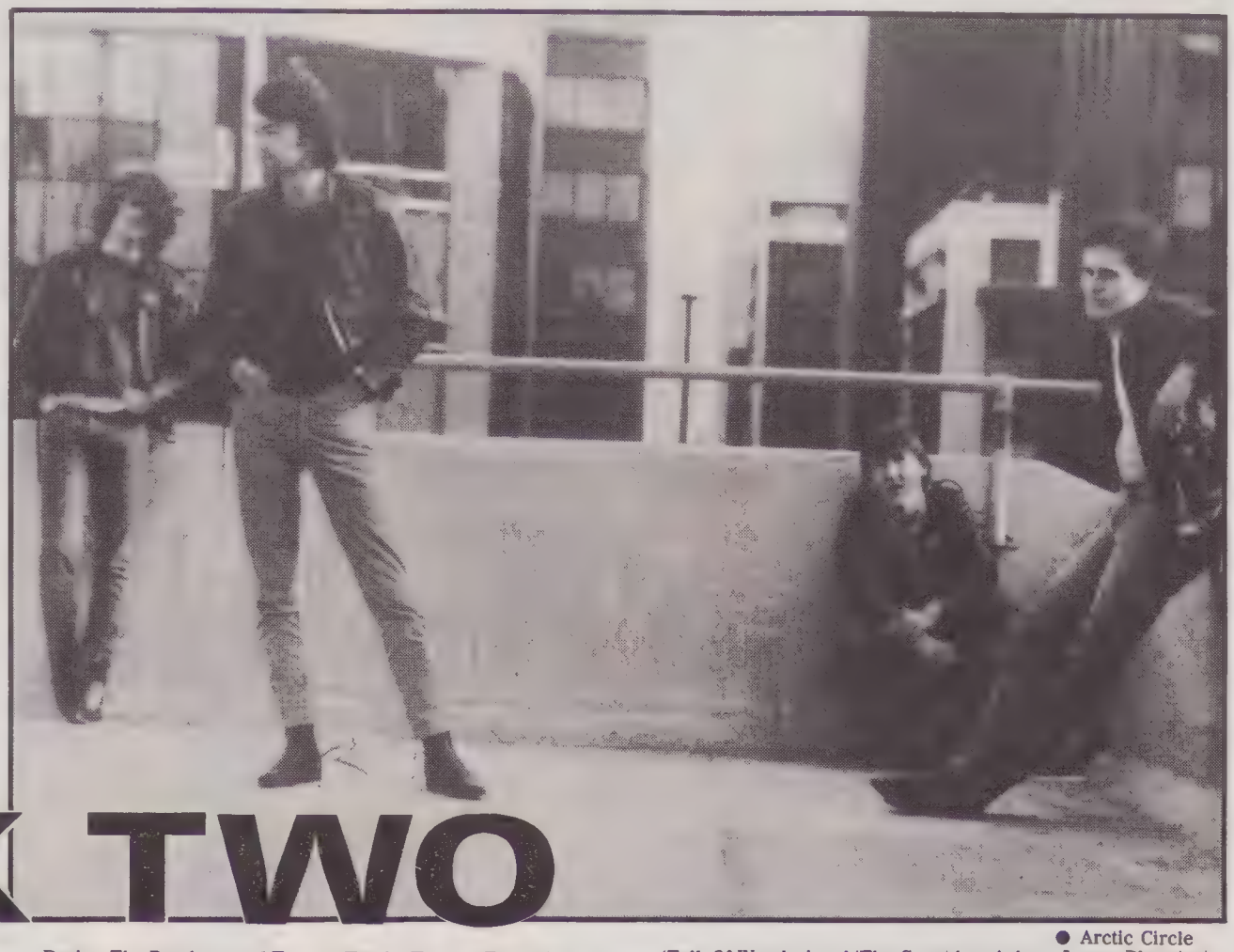
***Strength* is unbelievably nostalgic. Musically, it's part six of the summer of Strummer with a dash of Brooce and a hint of Egdiness. Lyrically, it *yearns* for the past, for a ferry 'cross the Mersey with a few mates to see The Vibrators or Sham. Check the LPs key cut; called (gulp) 'Spirit Of '76', it's Jones' 'Stay Free', edited highlights of 'Born To Run', strewn with stuff about funeral pyres and the like, and generally drowns in its own tears.**

And that's the crux. *Strength* is all the saddest things about teenage Lad Rock; disproportionate angst, subway graffiti, and breastbeating self pity displayed as, and confused with, Pride (in the name of love?).

It'll be played to death beneath the Nick Cave posters and numerous HSCs will be failed because of it, but that doesn't stop this record being an overwrought, plodding thing, redundant and pretty stupid.

Give me *Strength*, indeed!

— DANNY KELLY



MARK TWO

● Arctic Circle

Back in their element

LEVEL 42
World Machine
(PolyGram)

After the rather patchy double-live album *A Physical Presence*, it is good to hear those diamond dogs of nouveau-funk, Level 42, back in their element — the antiseptic, whistle-clean studio. Alright, so the intimacy of a concert situation and the spontaneity of doing it right the first time are sacrificed by going back to the recording offices. But then, Level 42 never climbed the ladder of success because of those virtues. Rather, it has been it's wonderously tight guitar and keyboards' interplays and wistful, night-lingering melodies that have provided the catalyst to unspecified riches.

● Level 42's Mark King

On new studio album *World Machine* it is exactly these assets that provide the cornerstone to an enjoyable forty minutes. One tune, the balmy 'Something About You' has already knocked the stuffing out of the US Top 10. Little wonder.

The keyboards are more polished than that apple for your favourite teacher and the melody-hook, whilst very 1968 in its soul presence, nips playfully at you like a pup before dinner time. Of similar pace, poise and instrumental persuasion are 'Physical Presence' and 'I Sleep On My Heart'. Needless to say, therefore, these tracks are also destined for a little rioting at 45 rpm's.

Only when sheer disco-funk takes over does Level 42 come down to the level of others. Despite a samba touch to its rhythm, 'Good Man In A Storm' is such a piece whilst 'Coup D'etat' is only saved by some sexy vocal high notes. *World Machine* finds Level 42 doing it in its favourite playing field — the multi-dubbable, computer-controlled studio. That it can come out with such a handsome and far from heartless disc under such conditions indeed proves Level 42 is a machine ready for the world.

— ROBERT VELLA

Of rites and rights

COLOURED STONE
Island Of Greed
(Imparja/Hot)

In many ways, Coloured Stone are the model of the Central Australian black rock outfit — a plaintive country-derived vocal style, an intuitive feel for rock/reggae guitar riffs and an appreciation for the more singalong type melodies.

Songwriter Buna Lawrie's songs tell their stories with wit, economy and passion — more importantly, he has interesting stories to tell. Some of them are naive, some of them beautifully sum up the reality of being a working class black in Australia.

Coloured Stone's problem is the limitation of economics and lack of musical inspiration: their debut LP *Koonibba Rock* was, once you got past the exciting fact that indigenous black music was being put on vinyl these days, really wasn't much chop. The band's country/reggae hybrid was stated, but there seemed to be one good idea repeated ad nauseum through the tracks. Result: boredom and disposability.

Island Of Greed is a touch higher (but only just) in the sophisticated stakes but then again, you're not talking about Real Life or Kids In The Kitchen here.

What you get here is an unmitigable raw energy, a lot of it a paean to the way music must have given some hope and spirit to some frustrated black kid from the bush — "Sacred Ground" and "Island Of Greed" roar along with sax breaks that owe as much to ABC radio as it does to the country and rock and roll bands that regularly tour the bush circuit.

"Take Me Back To Dreamtime" evokes the spirit of the bush through the mystical didgeridoo, while "I'm Going Back To Alice Springs", which affectionately reminisces the good times and glosses over the bad, has strong country flavour.

Obviously, you can't be a young black today and not come up with lines like:

This land
It doesn't belong to the white sailors
("This Land")

"No More Boomerang" is set to a poem from Kath Walker, and four of the tracks are acoustic, featuring Lawrie solo.

Island Of Greed is a rough record. But just imagine the process by which the songs and music must have come together in the first place.

— BRIAN JONES

Clemons finds inspiration

CLARENCE CLEMONS
Hero
(CBS)

What makes a man don a pink leather suit and record a solo album? Can it be the desire for fame, wealth, the love of women? Well, there's that too, but there we must look to a higher plane and the Soulful Inspiration and joy of Sri Chinmoy, who has transformed Claz into nothing less than a Great Hero Soldier, and his name into 'Mokshagun.'

For further enlightenment we may look to the inner sleeve where a moody Claz (at least I think it's Claz, but it does look suspiciously like Lenny Henry doing one of his comical soul stud turns) gazes all the words. *"Clarence/Lord's clarion call/His surrender-doll/Beauty within/Strength without/To silence ignorance-shout"* (you get the picture? Yes, we see).

Claz seems to have been a little more active than on his last solo album where he played a little sax, grinned on the cover, and did damn all else. Here he plays sax, grins, sings a bit and does damn all else.

He's traded in the previous dull beefy R&B for listless airbrushed R&B, and the designer label for songs and production reads 'Narada Michael Walden.'

The Voice of Mokshagun is stout and dependable, at best, but the sax playing is the same old bullroaring fanfare you all know and love so well. There's a buddy buddy duet with Jackson Browne; a thoroughly dreary version of 'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More', produced by Arthur Baker and featuring Darlene Love: and instrumental called 'Liberation Fire' on which Claz proudly bellows ot his new name as if he were after the lead role in the next Godzilla movie. And there are millions of session players with cute nicknames; you can have hours of fun trying to guess why Preston Glass is known as 'P. Black' and 'Tiger Head.'

It only remains for me to say, as you knew I surely must, we don't need another hero, and to wish you all a fond goodnight.

— JONATHAN ROMNEY

● Severed Heads

Breaking down the barriers

SEVERED HEADS
Stretcher (Volition)

DIF JUZ
Extractions (AD)

What's the confrontation about these two albums? That you can go straight to the music without any fanfare of consuming or being hip.

Or the fact that they nag at you like a dentist's drill — that just when you start to feel comfortable within the sound, just when you think you understand what they're aiming for, a whole new sense of ethics and delivery buzz-crashes into your consciousness, and you're left reeling and alienated. Yet again.

Stretcher is an attempt by Severed Heads to break down barriers in Australia. For starters, they're more popular overseas than they are here, so *Stretcher* tries to tell us that Severed Heads definitely want to put an end to that. Here, they accumulate all the various import tracks, American/Canadian 12" etc into one big package for the Great Australian Public to come to grips with.

Unlike the early stuff, Severed Heads have now learned to seam the threads better: irony blurs into pop soundtracks which blur into self conscious adventurism. Just as Severed Heads are never excruciating, they are never exciting either: rather they amble beaming away on a thin line. You're never sure if they're "nice" or not. AM radio programmers, try "Big Blue Is Back" for size.

Dif Juz work on the same principles of confrontation and conciliation. It was produced by Robin of the Cocteau Twins who gets Liz to sing on the only non-instrumental track. The rest are ever-changing soundtracks like the sea — restless, placid, crashing, ever changing moods.

— MARK CROMELIN

SURFER'S TOP

If *Singing So Alone* doesn't make it to the surfie top ten this summer, there's something seriously amiss with the taste of this nation's boardriders.

A cassette of this unsung minor gem deserves a place in the tape stack next to blue water clasics by the Oils, Australian Crawl, Neil Young and the Celibate Rifles; even on a dark Melbourne afternoon, a song like 'Life In The Sun' summons visions of long highways and diamond seas.

Fortunately, this hard-bitten north coast rocker is not the kind of writer who drowns in hedonistic platitudes. The jumping chorus of 'Fool For Falling In Love' is close enough to vintage Mentals to have one checking the label for a Reg Mombassa credit, and the bitter sentiment of 'Die Or Stay' is reminiscent of the acid-hangover angst of *White Album* Lennon.

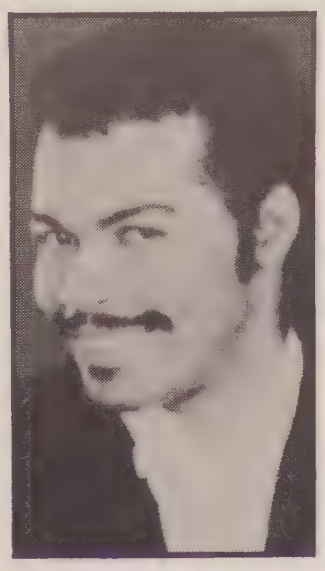
Further psychedelic ambience is provided by the tape effects that weave through a haze of guitar tones provided by Wells and a fleet of helpers. Matching the range of string tones is A.T.'s versatile voice, which suggests a host of influences ranging from Neil Young to latter-day Iggy.

Occasionally, ambition outruns inventiveness, with standard pub-fodder like 'I Won't Be Draggin' You Down' managing to sound both noisy and listless. But even the patchy second side of this set is redeemed by the sombre pulse of 'War Dragged On', a neglected single from 1983. Given a strong hand to keep him on the rails in the studio, A.T. Wells could produce something far more coherent than this debut; but *Singing So Alone* is an album that deserves a niche in the pantheon of Australian beat eccentricity. Don't wait until it becomes a collector's item.

— ADRIAN RYAN

One-track mind

RAY PARKER JR.
Sex And The Single Man
(Festival)



To say Ray Parker Jr. has a one-track mine is an understatement. Apart from the odd ghostly (some may say ghastly) exception, virtually all his songs are "lust and bust" affairs. Recall tunes with the endearing titles of "Woman Out Of Control", "The Other Woman" and "I've Been A Bad Boy". The lad is definitely on one big ego-trip to smut city. Why, he even had the gall to turn "Jack and Jill" into a R-rated duo years ago.

Now, with the release of *Sex And The Single Man*, Ray takes such interests to their blatant limits. And not only does he again emphasise his one-track mind, he also shows he is capable of only composing a one-track album — with eight slightly different story and instrumental lines. This definitely makes Sex about as exciting as watching two flies making love.

Opener "Girls Are More Fun" should have Cyndi Lauper jumping out of her clown suit in rage. Whereas her "fun-girl" song was full of humour and chorus-bubble, this one is sleazy, queasy and far too repetitive.

Then, continuing to "porn" his few artistic assets, Parker follows up with the electric clatter of "Good Time Baby", saved only by some cute female harmonies and "I'm A Dog" given some teeth by a more defiant drum division than normal.

With the enormous success of "Ghostbusters" last year you'd think the man would attempt some spiritual intervention on this disc. But no. The body-talk continues with the title piece and "One'Sided Love Affair". At least the latter piece makes some concessions to emotion. Its syrupy keyboards and whispering vocal performance makes for a welcome break. Indeed it stands out like a nun at an all-boys movie night. Yet it is nowhere near enough to make *Sex And The Single Man* a delectable, let alone durable, album.

— ROBERT VELLA

Yes takes a step back

Having crawled laboriously out of the '70s and come up with one of the better MOR rock albums of the '80s, Yes slip back into their earlier indulgences with a display of unashamed, pretentious pomposity.

Intended as an appetiser for an upcoming video, it's more likely to have the opposite effect. Chris Squire's 'Amazing Grace' bass solo and Tony Kaye's grandiose keyboard meanderings resurrect an image Yes should be trying to live down.

'90125' was proof positive that Yes are more than the sum of their parts. *9012 Live* proves the same thing negatively despite being recorded in full gladiatorial splendour. And the two group tracks — 'Hold On' and 'Change' — only rub salt in the wound.

The video may redeem this album as the solo pamperings have apparently been removed. Meanwhile, save your money and search out the 1984 *12 Inches Of Yes* cassette, with its state-of-the-art remixes by Trevor Horn, instead.

— HUGH FIELDER

reviews . reviews . reviews . reviews . reviews . reviews . reviews . reviews . review . review . review .

SINGLES

MODELS
King Of Kings
(Mushroom)

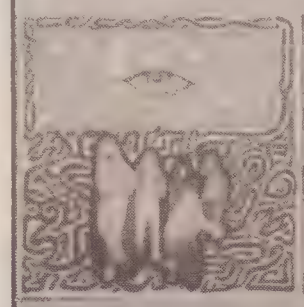
According to a note on the sleeve, a song dedicated to the Salvation Army. Impressed! A song I also remember being played as a sample of the LP when it first appeared, not liking it terribly but in the aftermath of that good LP liking it more. A Sean Kelly tune for a change, but not half as bent as his best moments in the past.

CATTLE TRUCK
Never Is
(Independent)

Nothing on the label, so I'm flying blind. Cattle Truck are one of the new crop of Melbourne bands currently trying to enervate this city's diminishing reputation as THE place to find the up-and-coming bands. Musically a bit skippety and lightweight to these ears, the interest coming from the lyrics and the vocal which presents them. Not to mention the almost mandatory brass section. Flip is an interesting percussive version of a recent Johnny Thunders track, "Crawfish".

TOM WAITS
Downtown Train
(Island)

Far more conventional Waits than his SWORDFISH TROMBONE stuff. A well-judged blend of medium-pace R&B and Waits street level balladeering. Chunky production by the man himself works wonders.

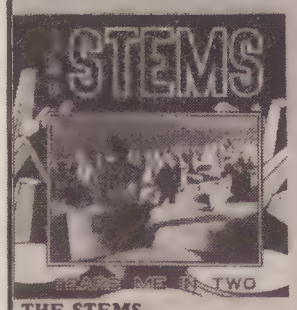


PSYCHOTIC TURNBUCKLES
Psychotic Situation/The Crusher
(Vi-Nil)

Indie from a group who aren't backward in coming forward about their sixties psychedelic image. Their second single, and just as classic 1967 as the last. Heavy fuzz guitar riffing, Jim Morrison-style vocal, the real thing. Well, as real as you can make it nearly twenty year on (God, is it really that long?!!)

THE POGUES
Dirty Old Town
(Stiff)

A curious little band which that hayseed country dude Elvis Costello has elected to produce. Elementary Pommie country music bordering on legit folk, violins and all. The sound of thatched rooves and dancing in the meadows on mid-summer's day. Almost, anyway. The lyrics paint another picture, one we can blame on the Industrial Revolution.



THE STEMS
Tears Me In Two
(Citadel)

Independent singles are about seventy percent sixties-soundalikes these days. The Stems are more your 1965 version, the pop band borrowing heavily from R&B... the true Yardbirds tradition. Well produced this one, a strong song played in a galaxy far far away, on the other side of the universe to the planet Madonna and Wham! hang out to.

COLOUR BOX
The Moon Is Blue
(Virgin)

Didn't think much of the Colour Box version of The Supremes "You Keep Me Hangin' On" (also on the flip of this record, and on the Virgin "Hitpack" cassette), but this newie offers a much gutsier vocal and a pop treatment that catapults the Phil Spector arrangement method well and truly into the eighties. Quality pop music, in three-four time.

VENETIANS
So Much For Love
(Parole)

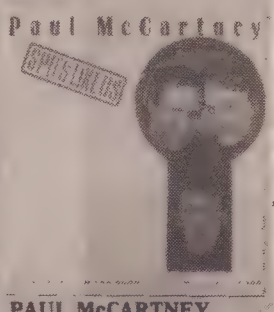
High powered synth rock as invented (and still played best) in the UK. Very Tears For Fears. Proficiently put together, the song pushing through with a decidedly tough edge, but the influences are too obvious and the lyrics are embarrassingly banal.

MARC ALMOND
Love Letter
(Virgin)

Like this more than his last, which was possibly lats year's most oddball comeback (remember Soft Cell?). Here we have a cantering electronic rhythm section with a delicate vocal melody running over the top. Not to mention the full range of Mike Hedges production touches. A bit indulgent, but sometimes indulgence can be a lot more fun than boring old rock 'n' rollers.

MARS NEEDS WOMEN
Self-titled EP
(Independent)

Adventurous 12 incher from a group naming themselves after that obscure 50's science fiction movie (on TV just the other day, matter of fact). Musically impossible to toss into the usual pigeon holes. Nothing to do with pop songs and haircuts but has plenty to say about the "Human Condition" (the title of the EP's best track) and related topics. Toss in a version of the Doors "Hello I Love You" and the frantic "Terrorist" and you're possibly getting the picture. Definitely on the sparse side of lush.



PAUL McCARTNEY
Spies Like us
(Parlophone)

From that spoof movie of the same name starring Chevy Chase and Dan Ackroyd. Shows just how awkward McCartney can be on a bad day, bits of songs hammered into a less than convincing overall frontispiece for the movie. Some good production touches courtesy of Phil Ramone, Hugh "I Co-Produce Every Top LP These Days" Padgham, and Macca himself.

A-HA
The Sun Always Shines On TV
(Reprise)

After a deceptively orchestral beginning it charges into a frantic (and predictable) disco feel that's terribly ho-hum until it hits and distinctive A-Ha chorus. In which there's just enough of the previous single's sound for listeners to relate to. Not impressed personally, tres middle of the road, but might satisfy impressionables who made "Take On Me" a hit. Big production by Alan Tarney.

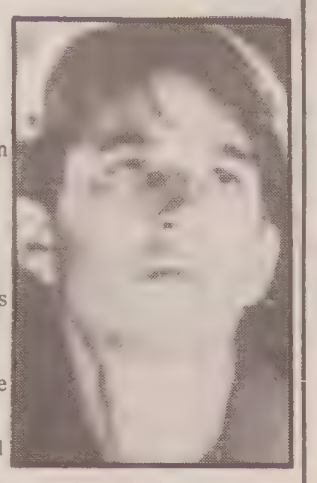
reviews . reviews . reviews .

VIDEOS

Birdy's well worth a look

BIRDY

Starring Mathew Modine and Nicholas Cage (RCA Columbia Hoyts)



Teenage peer pressure can be a very destructive force.

Birdy (Modine) experiences this at its worst when the locals taunt him because of his fascination with birds. Eventually his main tormentor Al (Cage) becomes his closest friend. The two not only share many typical boyhood adventures but the continued preoccupation with flight.

The two get caught up in America's involvement in the Vietnam war. Al is severely wounded by a mine blast and in fact Cage spends much of the movie with half his face coverd in bandaged.

Birdy has no physical damage as a result of his service, his scars are all mental. In fact all he does is perch in his room. He never speaks, refuses to feed himself and has, according to the doctor, little hope of recovery.

Al visits in an effort to draw Birdy out of his present state. There really isn't any signs of improvement and the friendship between the two is put to the test. Al is not only dealing with Birdy's problems but his own. There is strong doubt that his operation will be a success and he could be permanently disfigured.

Birdy is a fascinating story told well. Director Alan Parker of Midnight Express fame again has made an intense piece of cinema. Parker has a talent for creating moody films that few other directors can match. *Birdy* though, isn't all black, there are some highly amusing exchanges between the two leading players.

Mathew Modine really excells as Birdy. The role itself is a very difficult one. There are many moments where Modine is required to do nothing but stay motionless while his co star makes an effort to breakthrough. Modine is to be congratulated for an excellent performance in a very tricky part.

Nicholas Cage who featured in *The Cotton Club* also shows ability beyond his years and experience. Cage is a very skilled actor who gives his all to his work and will reap the benefit by being offered even better roles in the future.

Birdy **is an unusual film but well wroth a look.**

— KEVIN HILLIER

Good for a laugh or ten!

POLICE ACADEMY 11

Starring Steve Guttenberg, Michael Winslow and David Graf. (Warner Home Video)

The Rookies are on the streets again. Those crazy cops who created havoc at the academy have graduated and in this film get their first assignment. The 16th Precinct is the most crime ridden in the city. Captain Lassaro (Howard Hesseman of WKRP) needs more officers but he didn't bargain for the calibre of the recruits.

The original Police Academy was a sensational box office hit and repeated that during its video release late last year. This film also did good theatre business and no doubt the video version will be hot stuff.

Personally I didn't find the sequel quite as funny as the first. The writers though have sprinkled enough laughs throughout to make *Police Academy 11* well worth seeing.

Michael Winslow the vocal vision master provides a major share of the laughs. His fantastic ability to create sound is second to none and utilised beautifully by the film makers.

The restaurant scene and the Kung Fu spoof are pieces of comedy that will live long in the memory of anyone who sees them.

Bubba Smith returns as Hightower and helps to keep the laughs rolling. David Graf again protrays weapon enthusiast Eugene Tackleberry. His performance is a gem. The writers gave him romance with his female motorcycle partner played excellently by Coleen Camp.

Steve Guttenberg as Mahoney was the focal point of the original but in the sequel his role isn't as important. *Police Academy 11* introduces one or two new characters that no doubt will appear in Police Academy 111 currently in pre production. The most notable is Lt. Msuser (Art Melrano) a bombastic painful man hellbent on breaking the spirit of the new officers.

If you enjoyed the humour of 1 — then prepare yourself for more of the same.

While not as good as the first. *Police Academy 11* is good for a laugh or ten.

— KEVIN HILLIER

BOOKS

EDITED BY LIZ BRETT

Vulgar, disgusting . . but funny

He calls himself the average Australian bloke and after many years, he's finally wet his nib and put his thoughts to paper. And why not. Dame Edna Everidge enthused millions of housewives when she shared household and wifely hints. Now it's Les Patterson's turn to share the knowledge he's accumulated during his many and varied international trips;

Les Patterson's *The Travellers Tool* is probably the most comprehensive information booklet of its kind and includes advice on drinking, how to handle the media, grooming for the man on the move as well as The Australian Tongue — Where and How to use it.

Concerned as he is with his image, Les Patterson begins his book with a chapter titled "My tool in your hands," where he makes it plain from the outset who should and who shouldn't read and use his tool: "I'm a man on the move. I'd reckon that in the last couple of years I've been that mobile I wouldn't have had two shits in the same toilet. My wife, former model, the Lady Gwen Patterson, has got a map of the world on the wall of our ensuite bedroom, and she follows my diplomatic progress with a flag on toothpick. Needless to say, in recent years that old wall map's had considerably more pricks than Lady Gwen.

"I'm an Australian and proud of it, but my diplomatic career has turned me into an international property whether I like it or not. I'm a man's man and I call a spade a spade, so if you're a blue-nosed wowser (q.v.), a stuffed shirt, a raving pillow-biter or a loony old lesso with a face like a half-sucked mango, I'd chuck this book away now, because in the pages that follow, I employ the direct no-holds-barred lingo of a senior Australian diplomat at the top of his profession and the height of his sexual powers. Between you and me I don't reckon this is a book for women either."

He directs them to his appendage "It's a long one," he explains "but I don't think you'll have any complaints. I tested it on a few literary sheilahs and high flying feminists, and although they found it a bit of a handful at first, at the end of the day, very few of them reckoned it was too hard to swallow." Les cannot be accused of having chauvenistic attitudes towards women.

He's concerned about their employment prospects and keeps many in work through the Secretarial Agency who have constant calls from him for assistants for relief work. And his attitude might seem callous in the chapter Sex Down Under, but underneath it all, Les is sincere about where he sees is the right place for women.

He writes: "Although I am not a regular church goer, I have always felt that there was something Up There, and last night my current girl Friday (who's a Mick) told me she felt there was definitely something up there too. And there was. I'm a pretty complex organism. I'm a bit of a mystic, but I'm also flesh and blood for Christ's sake, and although I'll soom be nudging the old three score, I still get that randy sometimes I could root the hair on a barbership floor. My old mother — the Lord be good to her — used to say; 'where there's hair there's comfort', though I'm still not sure if that wise old Australian saying meant the same to both of us. In fact it meant bugger all to me until I got my first handful, but since then I've never looked back."

At this point, he senses the attitude of some readers and expresses this clearly. "I can hear my readers all saying as with one voice, 'for Christ's sake Les, how can a senior Australian Elder Statesman respected throughout the world for his Yartz knowhow and credibility across the board, who is happily married to a once fairly attractive former model with a wonderful family of kids who think the sun shines out of his freckle, knock the sheilahs like maggots off a chop and get away with it.?

"There are now easy answers but let's get it straight upfront. My heart's with Gwen, Karen and Craig wherever my dick might happen to be. I know for a fact most men reading this book will be with me on that one, and if a member of the gentler sex accidentally reads these words, serves her right for wandering out of the kitchen. God bless her."

There's lots more in Les's book, there are speeches for all occasions, and jokes. And he may be vulgar, disgusting, revolting and coarse, but he is, as they say 'as funny as buggery'.

● **The Traveller's Tool by Les Patterson)MacMillan) $14.95**

milestones . mile

January 20
1924: Slim Whitman is born in Tampa, Florida
1953: Billy Field (Bad Habits) is born
1965: US rock and roll DJ Alan Freed dies
January 21
1942: Edwin Starr is born in Nashville
1966: George Harrison marries former model Patti Boyd at Epsom Registry Office
January 22
1931: Sam Cooke is born in Chicago
1959: Buddy Holly records for the last time. Alone in his New York apartment, he tapes demos including 'Peggy Sue Got Married' and 'Slippin' And Slidin'.
1967: The Rolling Stones refuse to appear on the revolving stage at the end of *Sunday Night At The London Palladium* TV show.
1972: David Bowie admits he is gay, or maybe bisexual, when interviewd by *Melody Maker*.
January 23
1949: Glenn Wheatley is born
1941: Barry Stanton is born
1972: Big Maybelle (Smith) dies, 48.
1976: Paul Robeson dies of a stroke
1978: Terry Kath (Chicago) dies whilst cleaning a friends gun
January 24
1936: Doug Kershaw is born in Louisiana
1941: Michael Chapman is born in Leeds
1941: Neil Diamond is born in Brooklyn
1970: James 'Shep' Shepherd dies in New York
1979: The Clash finally have a single released in America. 'I Fought The Law'
January 25
1943: Anita Pallenberg is born
1956: Andy Cox (The Beat) is born
1958: Elvis Presley's 'Jailhouse Rock' becomes the first single to enter the British charts at number one
1958: Lesley Woods (Au Pairs) born, Hockley, Essex
1959: Gary Brian Tibbs (Vibrators, Roxy Music, Adam and the Ants) born in Middlesex
1971: Grace Slick and Paul Kantner have a daughter called China
January 26
1934: Huey 'Piano' Smith is born in New Orleans
1948: Corky Laing is born in Montreal

1976: Gary Glitter announces his retirement which, in true showbiz tradition, lasts less than five years
1977: Patti Smith falls offstage during a show in Floriday
1978: EMI Records refuse to press copies of Buzzcocks' 'Oh Shit'
1980: Frank Sinatra plays in front of the largest audience ever to assemble for one performer. 175,000 people at the Maracana Stadium, Rio de Janiero, Brazil

rockwords . rock

Hidden in the Rockwords maze are the following words;

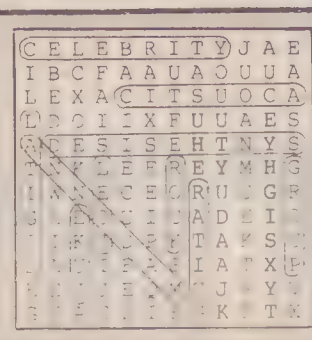
Mental	Rea
Renee	Promise
Sting	Models
Eurythmics	Katrina
Centerfield	Petty
Post	Divinyls

All you have to do is to find and circle the words — they run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc. — the first three correct entries to be opened will win a six month subscription to Juke.

E	D	I	V	I	N	Y	L	S	R	O	L
C	G	O	D	J	T	C	A	T	E	L	A
O	S	E	L	T	E	S	U	E	A	S	S
R	C	E	E	J	P	L	I	V	I	T	I
I	I	P	I	F	R	E	A	E	I	O	A
M	M	Z	F	Z	O	D	Q	N	Y	Q	N
E	H	P	R	E	M	O	G	A	E	A	I
N	T	O	E	E	I	M	D	E	E	Q	R
T	Y	S	T	E	S	I	N	E	Q	V	T
A	R	T	N	S	E	E	I	I	I	I	A
L	U	Z	E	A	R	D	E	Q	V	N	K
C	E	D	C	A	W	D	V	E	J	L	W

Last week's answers:

Acoustic
Celebrity
Digital
Group
Guitar
Joel
Juke
Madonna
Rock
Synthesised



released this week

SINGLES

THE ALARM
Strength
SHEILA E
I Love Bizarre
YOKO ONO
Hell In Paradise (12")
CLANNAD (with Bono)
Close To Your Heart
PSEUDO ECHO
Love And Adventure (12")
DIVINYLS
Sleeping Beauty (12")
LEVEL 42
Leaving Me Now (7", 12")
TWISTED SISTER
Leader Of The Pack
ROBIN GIBB
Like A Fool (7", 12")
WALL OF VOODOO
Far Side of Crazy
SHINE
Shadow Dancing
SEVENTH HEAVEN
Hot Fun (7", 12")
JESSE JOHNSON REVUE
Let's Have Some Fun
HUBERT CAN
Angel O'Seven
NENA
It's All In The Game
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
Toughen Up
STARPOINT
Object Of My Desire (7", 12")
OUTFIELD
Say It Isn't So
JENNIFER HOLLIDAY
Hard Time For Lovers
AL GREEN
Going Away
PLATINUM BLONDE
Crying Over You
STAPLE SINGERS
Are You Ready (7", 12")
CHARLIE SEXTON
Beats So Lonely
ELTON JOHN
Wrap Her Up (7", 12")
ARTHUR BARROW
In The Mood
ROBERT CRAY BAND
Porch Light
PHYLLIS NELSON
I Like You

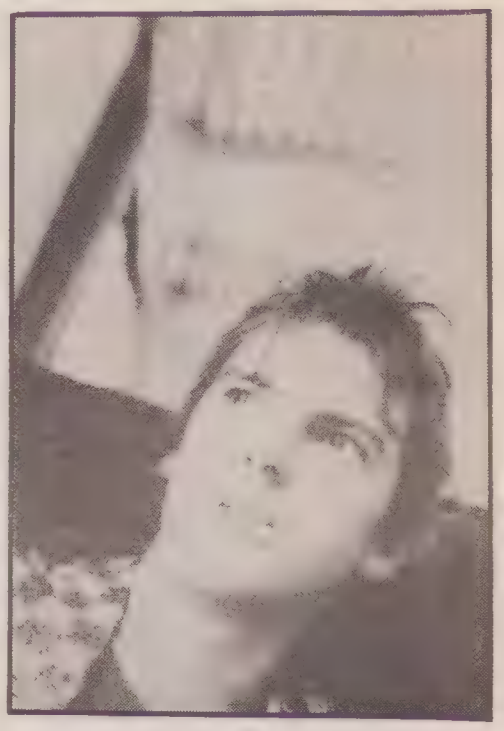
ALBUMS

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS
Fine Young Cannibals
TOM PETTY
Pack Up The Plantation
THE ALARM
Strength
TWISTED SISTER
Come Out And Play
LEVEL 42
World Machine
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Letter To Brehzney
TOM WAITS
Rain Dogs
SUZANNE VEGA
Suzanne Vega
LOU REED
City Lights
SCRIBBLE
Scribble (re-release)
BETTE MIDLER
Mud Will Be Slung Tonight
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Young Sherlock Holmes
WALL OF VOODOO
Seven Days In Sammytown
AL GREEN
Here Is The Light
WOMACK & WOMACK
Radio M.U.S.C. Man
STAPLES SINGERS
Staples Singers
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
Big River
BARRON KNIGHTS
California Girl (re-release)
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Chorus Line
HARRY CHAPIN
Anthology
JENNIFER HOLLIDAY
Say You Love Me
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
John Cougar (re-release)
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
Nuth'n Matters And What If It Does (re-release)
ARETHA FRANKLIN
Best Of (re-release)
SAM & DAVE
Best Of (re-release)
WILSON PICKETT
Best Of (re-release)
OTIS REDDING
Best Of (re-release)
BOOKER T & THE MGs
Best Of (re-release)
JOE TEX
Best Of (re-release)

GLOBE

LONDON

Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians



Cynics warned me against interviewing Robyn Hitchcock. Why bother, they said, he'll just witter on about prawns for hours on end.

My mind skips back eight bleak winters to a previous meeting with the then-leader of Cambridge's premier psychedelic explorers the Soft Boys when the conversation, as I recall, did indeed revolve largely around the topic of crustaceans.

Today, Hitchcock defends himself vehemently against the label of friendly neighborhood wind-up artist. "I don't try and wind people up at all. Jesus wasn't winding people up! You didn't get people coming back from Jesus and saying, Blimey what a wind-up, messing about with sea-food at his age!"

Eight years ago, Robyn Hitchcock was the Man in Black, the Man Who Would Be Syd Barrett; now he's settled comfortably into a more amiable persona, and you'll find him these days on the *Whistle Test* TV show looking a trifle uneasy, talking about wrapping people's heads in tin-foil, while the jolly compere grins approvingly.

Hitchcock's role as village idiot seems to see him short. He sees himself as "providing an alternative", making the disclaimer "people don't have to buy it". This attitude, he admits, "obviously lacks moral fibre", and I suspect if anything's dogged his career, it's his unwillingness, at once self-effacing and insularly arrogant, to stake out his place in the scheme of things, to be more vociferous.

Or perhaps it's the way his mind works. Why won't he sit down and talk about the new album, man, like a good pop-star? Why will his mind insist on cranking itself up to high C like a runaway Dinky toy, as in the surreal rants that punctuate his live set, each one a miniature unpublishable novel?

"I'm not even a neuro-surgeon, so it's very hard to tell. They're word solos . . . We have something like 52 thoughts a second going through our heads and we select any one of them at any one time, and it keeps on bifurcating into more and more. But all you've got to do is start fiddling around with the receiver a bit, and you'll start getting Hilversum and Oslo.

"It all seems a lot more amiable, I seem to come over as a nice guy, I don't present so much of the Face of Death. Maybe I thought that in order to be a rock star type you have to be paranoid, destructive, romp around in shades . . ."

So here we sit in a suitable haunt for an English humorist, the tea-garden at Kenwood House, chatting politely about the Artist and his Role. The story I want to tell you today begins with Hitchcock's emergence from a lengthy bout of inertia, sleeping 16 hours a day, with breaks only to write lyrics for Captain Sensible and to record the polished, intimate acoustic LP *I Often Dream Of Trains*. He finally broke the grip of Morpheus with last year's cracking *Fegmania* album and the return to operative status of what is effectively a new Soft Boys line-up with Morris Windsor (drums), part-time Squeeze sideman Andy Metcalfe (bass), and new recruit Roger Jackson (keyboards), collectively The Egyptians.

The spur to reform was provided by the reissue of old Soft Boys material like the long-lost debut EP on Raw, *Wading Through A Ventilator*.

"Morris and Andy and I hadn't played together for five years when we started doing some of that stuff on *Fegmania* and it was incredible how quickly it all came whizzing back. I think these things should be preserved, like old buses and HMS Belfast and the House of Lord and *The Face* . . ."

The very first Soft Boys incarnation, featuring elusive guitarist Wang Bo Trotter, was a sparkling anomaly whose brilliance was progressively diluted through the years that followed, in a progression of dodgy albums, erratic performances and ill-fated business moves. Not to mention the increasingly coarse-grained HM bombast of Kimberley Rew, who these days seem a happier man in Katrina And The Waves.

"I don't think we'll ever fulfil the promise of that first record, musically, because it just seemed so open, it seemed we could go in and out of any style and come up with anything. It was like a kid playing with lots of different Plasticene but the colors never getting muddy. But the colors did get muddy . . ."

The state of the Egyptian art is revealed on the new live album *Gotta Let This Hen Out!*, a gallery of sturdily rendered hits from the Hitchcock back catalogue, ranging from the primaeval exhumation of 'The Face Of Death' to the shiny new 'My Wife And My Dead Wife'. The latter ranks high in the man's canon, partly because it may well be the only entirely coherent song he's ever written, a fully extended imaginative flight unblocked by the usual intrusive meringue and dishes of slime that tend to set the listener's teeth gnashing.

And then there's 'Listening to The Higsons', the brooding two-chord wonder that provides the album title.

"It was one night in November, I was listening to John Peel, and he was playing The Higsons, and I thought they were singing '*Extra, extra, gotta let this hen out*' — I was surprised that guys like this even have hens, I'd hate to be a hen in East Anglia. I've never met The Higsons and I'm not planning to give them any royalties either."

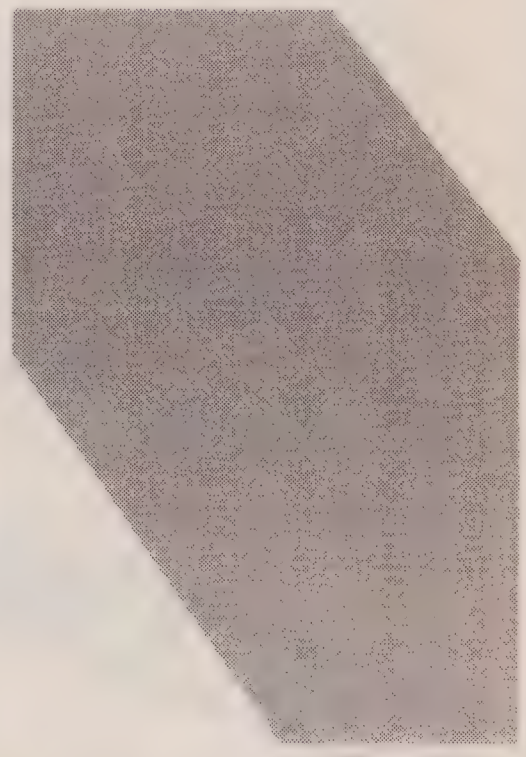
Whether the Egyptians dynasty will establish itself in the UK or Australia is a moot point — "to be appreciated, you have to be either dead or foreign, and we're working hard at both" — but in the US, at least, Hitchcock's status approaches the legendary. Among admirers are REM's Peter Buck, who joined the band on stage and on tape early last year, The Replacements, who courted Robyn's production services, and Beefheart's drummer Robert Williams, who fixed him a steely gaze and pronounced, "I think I can relate to where you're coming from".

The conversation dwells awhile on plastic lobsters, of which I myself am an avid collector (keep them coming in, readers), before turning to the onstage faint in Austin Texas that curtailed Robyn's American tour last year, the result of an operation for something long and unpronounceable "which to you and me is a caterpillar in the abdomen".

Maybe Robyn Hitchcock is now on the verge of metamorphosing into a consummate English cabaret artiste. His future career may see him exploring the sort of turn he recently presented at the Electric Screen, an intimate acoustic evening with stgand-up bass, tall tales, his paintings in the foyer, and who knows, perhaps a little Strindberg between sets to inject a little culture into the proceedings.

So, let me ask you a serious question. Why do a remarkably high proportion of your songs contain the word 'mind'? Does this mean, perchance, you're an old hippie?

"No, it means I'm an old mind . . . I'm the last to hatch out from that generation, everyone knows I'm 56, I just have a youthful complexion."



FRANKFURT

Far Corporation

There's a lady who's sure
all that glitters is gold
and she's buying a stairway to heaven

There are some rock classics that should never be touched much less released as a singles — particularly Led Zeppelin's 1974 classic "Stairway To Heaven".

The reason being is that Zeppelin themselves felt the song was too good to be trivialised through continual AM radio airplay and fought off their record company executives, to not have it issued as a single.

Until a few years ago, "Stairway To Heaven" consistently topped the US alltime favourite FM track.

Now we have a group of glorified session musicians who've redone the track, and split the heavy rock camp into two. One half says it's a tender version which does justice to the original, the other contends it was sacrilegious to have even touched it in the first place.

In any case, the disc rapidly went Top 10 in England.

The singer with the special project was Robin McAuley, who first came to attention as singer with Grand Prix and is currently working with "Philthy" Phil Taylor and Chris Glenn in a band called Outfit.

"I was in the studios doing some recording with Outfit, we were sending demos to various record companies about the possibility of getting a record deal.

"Then out of the blue, I got a call from a guy called Frank Farian, who you'll remember was the mastermind behind bands like Boney M in the late '70s. In fact Frank WAS Boney M, he got all the songs together, and the three people in that band merely did what they were told.

"Anyway Frank said that he'd heard one of the tapes and he liked my voice and he wanted me to do some singing for him. He told me he singers to get different tones and ranges."

McAuley flew to Frankfurt, and to Frank's own Far Studios (hence the name of the band) where Frank introduced himself.

"What are we going to be doing?" he asked.

Without my initial reaction — like all the others in Far Corporation — was to say 'hey, f..k off' because it IS a great song and you can't touch it. But Frank convinced us that a good song would always stand up properly, so we went ahead and did it.

"There were some other singers there too — Bobby Kimball from Toto, David Barreto from Foreigner, Peter Bischof — we did all our parts at different times. I didn't think much of the project, I just went in and did it and to be quite honest, I didn't think I'd hear anything about it again.

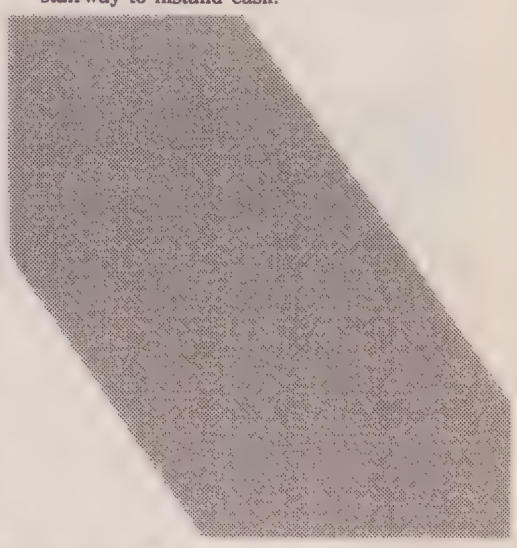
"Then months later, I heard the final mix and I was astounded at how beautiful it sounded."

What Far Corporation have going for them is that no less than Robert Plant has given his blessing to the project.

Seems Plant was in Germany in the studios when Far Corporation cut their disc. He heard it, told them he liked it, even got a tape of it and sent it to Jimmy Page for his birthday.

"If there's any controversy, it's from old Zeppelin fans. They're just being narrow minded. A new generation of fans have shown they can relate to the song without knowing who Led Zeppelin are."

A tour is of course planned. Someone found a stairway to instand cash.



TROTTING

LONNIE MACK: Wham Bam Country Man

Lonnie Mack vividly recalls the backwoods honky tonks in the Indiana Hills where he played behind chicken wire cages at the ripe young age of 13. The year was 1954, rock 'n roll was yet to be born and Lonnie McIntosh — who quit school at 12 after a fight with his sixth grade teacher — was playing blues and country music.

"It was pretty frightening playing some of them chicken coop bars at that age," Lonnie recalled in Sydney on the eve of his first Aussie tour. "I could have passed for 21. I had been shaving since I was 10. I was fair game because I looked older so I copped quite a few bottles through the wire".

Lonnie had been taught to pick and grin by his mother on an elder brother's guitar. "It was a cheap accoustic guitar that she taught me to play on," the singer recalled, "I would have been five when she first showed me."

But it was not until 1958 — armed with the Gibson Flying V axe he still plays — that Mack ascended from kicker bars to fledgeling Ohio studios. It was in Cincinatti that Lonnie's unique guitartistry soon became in hot demand for sessions with the King and Fraternity labels who boasted James Brown, Hank Ballard and the late Freddie King.

Ironically during a lull in the recording of another artist Lonnie laid down the song that soared to international fame — an instrumental revamp of Chuck Berry's tune "Memphis".

The year was 1963 and Lonnie wasn't aware the song had been released until he turned on the radio one day and heard that it had rocketed into the Top 5. The guitarist built on that success with a dozen other tunes including "Wham", "Where There's A Will There's A Way", "Chicken Picking" and "Why Whose Scream is No.3 in the Guinness Book Of Records".

Mack's debut 1964 album, *The Wham Of That Memphis Man*, went out of print after Fraternity Records folded but a 1968 *Rolling Stone* article prompted its re-release by Elektra.

The Elektra deal also spawned three new albums *Glad I'm In The Band, Whatever's Right* and *The Hills of Indiana*.

But after playing bass on The Doors tune "Roadhouse Blues", doing sessions and even working in Elektra's A & R department before the label's merger with Warner Bros the guitarist headed home in disgust to Indiana.

It was there, cushioned by his rural roots, that Lonnie was persuaded to record two more albums *Home At Last* and *Lonnie Mack And Pismo* for Capitol Records which was building its country roster.

After a gruelling 23 years working the honky tonks and roadhouses the hectic touring was taking its toll on Lonnie's health.

"The doctors thought I had a heart problem," the big feller confided. "They didn't know for sure so I slowed down a little. It was too many years on the road roaring... offstage and so on."

But that high rolling lifestyle has not dented the veteran's sardonic sense of humor.

Mack was aware that Stevie Ray Vaughan learned to play guitar listening to his original recording of Wham recently re-recorded as Double Whammy. But did he know of the English video duo who ripped off his song's name as their off the peg monicker?

"Goddamn it, I didn't know about that," Lonnie revealed. "I wonder if they do the song." I broke the bad, or was it, good news, No, they didn't.

Although Mack preferred fishing and hunting to the frantic touring that followed his first lunges at fame he went back on the road.

Lonnie worked a similar circuit to contemporaries like Delbert McClinton, Billie Joe Shaver and Jerry Jeff Walker and protegees of the calibre of Stevie Ray Vaughan.

After a 1977 Save The Whales benefit in Japan the liasion with Texan Vaughan, which spawned the acclaimed *Strike Like Lightning* album, was hatched in Pennsylvania.

Mack teamed up with long time friend and wealthy New York jungle writer Ed Labunski to build a studio in a rural retreat. The duo enlisted buddies like Stan Szelst and Tommy Walker to record under the name of South — a planned country rock outfit. But tragedy struck on the eve of a proposed session with Stevie Ray Vaughan when Labunski was killed in a car crash.

"We had recorded about 30 songs altogether over three years," Lonnie revealed, "there was a lot of variety — from jazz to bluegrass. I've got all the master tapes at my sister's house, I'm thinking of re-cutting some of the stuff for my next album."

The album, *Mack's 10th*, will be the follow-up to *Strike Like Lightning* — the joint project with Vaughan in Austin, Texas, for Alligator Records. That album, which heavily featured Vaughan and also the slide guitar work of Mack's younger brother Bill McIntosh, was a return to Lonnie's blues roots. It even included a revamp of "Wham" called "Double Whammy".

Now Lonnie 44, father of five and grandfather of two, is planning his next musical move.

"I have enough trouble working out what I'm going to record," says Lonnie, "My music has moved in so many directions. It's hard to stay in one. It's like having three wives — you've got to go to all of them."

The success of country artists like Hank Williams Jr with blues laced hits has tempted Mack to release country tunes.

"It's entered my mind quite frequently," Lonnie confided. "I've given a lot of thought to doing a country album. I already have plenty of really suitable material."

Mack's Aussie quartet comprises drummer Dennis O'Neal who worked on two albums with the Michael Stanley Band, veteran pianist Denzil Rice and bassist Roger Toy.

Rice's credits include the country hit "There's A Honky Tonk Angel Who'll Take Me Back In" and Troy released an album on Atlantic as Jelly Roll.

When Mack showcased *Strike Like Lightning* in a two night season at New York's famous Lone Star Cafe he was helped out by Rolling Stones Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood.

"It was one of the first times I'd met Keith,' Lonnie recalled, "They came along the first night and asked me to set up some amps for them the next night. The song didn't start off as Slim Harpo's 'The Things I Used To do' but that's how it ended."

— DAVID DAWSON

HOT CHOCOLATE: Steamin' Brown

It's been just on two years since Errol Brown pulled Hot Chocolate off the road for an indefinite break.

Some 14 years of perpetual performance and recording had taken its toll. After enjoying playing music for so long, Brown was understandably concerned when he felt himself and the band becoming stale and jaded.

"I felt as though we were beginning to become little more than a cabaret band running though a series of popular tunes.

"I was beginning to loathe the work I used to love and I felt we should stop everything until we were fresh and ready to return."

This would have hardly been the attitude detected by Australian audiences three years ago. Hot Chocolate's sellout tour in '82 laid to rest any misconceptions about the bands ability to perform live.

With a list of hit singles as long as your arm and musicianship, energy, and class to match — the tour left an indelibly pleasant mark in the memories of many.

So it's not surprising that there is a strong vibe surrounding the bands current Oz tour, which also sees the world launch of their latest single 'Heartache Number 9".

The record was produced by Pete Wingfield who has had a long association with the band as a session player on previous recordings. He's also produced for Alison Moyet in the UK and Mel Brooks 'To Be Or Not To Be.'

Brown is confident the song's a hit, even though it doesn't reflect the typical Hot Chocolate feel.

"It has a really high energy level. It goes right back to the 'Every 1's A Winner' stage.

"We've gone for more energy because I feel that as you get older you need to get more energetic.

"On stage I love the excitement of exciting songs and although ballads are fine, they have to be of great quality. I also love dancing so I decided that when we came back I was looking for a song that really energy-wise was very, very up."

It's not just the songs that'll have more energy either. Errol has discovered tennis, and is using the game to keep fit.

"While I've been away I fell in love with tennis which is really wonderful. I'm one of those guys who hates exercise you know, I don't like running everyday — but I love games."

Brown now tries to have a hit before gigs to keep in shape and he's even talked the other guys into it.

"Yeah, I've got all the other guys at it. They're all buying racquets like mad and challenging each other!"

So what can Australian audiences expect to hear from Hot Chocolate?

"The band has too many great records of the past to completely dismiss them, so a majority of the set will be things that people know and love.

"Personally if I go see the Rolling Stones or something like that, I', looking for music that I've enjoyed — I don't want to hear songs I don't know — with all the great ones nowhere in sight.

"What you do is put in a couple of the new ones and say here's a couple of tastes from our new album, and then you play and enjoy things people know."

"Cos great songs bring back memories. Where you were and what you were doing — who you were in love with; and that's what hit records do to people."

"When an artist starts a song that people love, the whole audience responds to it."

Hot Chocolate pulled back together late last year, and retains three original members — Tony Connor, Patrick Olive and Harvey Hinsley. Brown has recruited three new players in Chris Cameron and Paul Ellis on keyboards and Henry Thomas on Bass.

Audiences can expect to hear many Hot Chocolate Hits during the tour. These include "You Sexy Thing", "Emma", "Brother Louie", and "It Started With A Kiss".

The band's *Hottest Hits* album containing these songs and more was one of the biggest selling albums in the history of EMI Australia.

"The tour in '82 was wonderful. I loved it because we'd been touring around the world for many years but we'd never been to Australia, and the word was that we were a studio band.

"I knew that once we played, the excitement would begin to mount because people would see how good the band was. I think because people had been a bit doubtful it became like a major event and through that we sold like 300,000 albums!"

— BYRON SMITH

WHITNEY HOUSTON Up where she belongs

She could hardly have failed, to be honest.

With celebrated R&B star Cissie Houston as a mother and perennial hitmaker Dionne Warwick as her cousin, 21-year-old Whitney Houston can't have been short of the odd singing lesson. Add Arista boss Clive Davis and a 25,000 dollar investment in her debut album, and it would be hard to imagine her falling flat on her face.

That's not to say it hasn't taken a while for Australia to catch the bug. America has been Houston crazy for the best part of a year now, and recently placed the former model at the top of the singles and albums charts simultaneously.

But her current OZ smash 'Saving All My Love For You', produced by syrup specialist Michael Masser and written by him and Gerry Goffin, is the third cut to be lifted from her self-titled album and the first to chart significantly.

After starting out on the usual singing-in-church road, Whitney went on to sing backing vocals on albums by such artists as Chaka Khan, Lou Rals and The Neville Brothers. But her parents resisted entreaties from such family friends as Luther Vandross to let their daughter sign a solo contract.

"They decided I should finish high school and stay young for as long as I could," she says. "I'm really glad they felt that way. So I had a pretty normal childhood, contrary to what some people — who think I was a spoiled show-business brat — believe."

The album, with its expensive mix of producers — Kashif, Jermaine Jackson, Narada Michael Walden and Masser — is a varied but ultimately safe showcase, pitched deliberately upmarket. Longevity, it seems, is the name of the game, but it's hoped that Houston is allowed to take a few risks on future records. Meanwhile 'Saving All My Love For You' looks like becoming one of the year's biggest ballad hits.

Live!

ON STAGE

DAINTREE FOREST BENEFIT

Pic by Jim Hooper

Venue: Sydney Entertainment Centre

To understand what music Midnight Oil are playing on stage these days, we must first understand and evaluate what Peter Garrett is saying on stage in between those songs.

He's always been vocal on issues and dedicated to them. But it seems to me that Garrett is taking that a little too far now. It's all very well to make people aware of issues, I applaud Midnight Oil for that. But it disturbs me that Garrett is now very definitely pushing opinion down the throats of his fans.

In the past, Garrett and Midnight Oil's stance has been vitriolic but never obsessively so. Now he tells audiences, for example, that Kim Hughes is a disgrace to the nation for his undertaking the South African rebel cricket tour and that Queensland minister, Russ Hinze, is akin to a Nazi war criminal. Both may be true to some degree, whatever the truth in such sentiments but my objection to Garrett's outward opinion is that he is telling it to persons who are too young to evaluate its worth. Garrett is seen as a demigod to much of his audience. The Midnight Oil audience attracts a wide cross-section of people, but the majority of those who attended the Daintree Benefit, and the Midnight Oil shows at the Sydney Entertainment in the days before it, were 13 to 18 years old.

Remember when you were 13? You probably had many notions and perceptions. A number of those have probably changed now. Garrett is telling these kids what to think, they think it because he is their idol, and so you have a swarm of teenagers coming home after a gig with definite opinions about definite issues. Kim Hughes may have been wrong in participating in the Rebel cricket tour, but surely we must let people decide such things for themselves.

The gig. To the accompaniment of buzz saws and with a large poster of a make believe rainforest behind them, Midnight Oil walked on stage, Peter Garrett dressed Harry Butler style in Khaki shorts, a camouflage shirt and Man From Snowy River Hat. The crowd, predictably, shouted enthusiastically and Oil began their one and a half hour show.

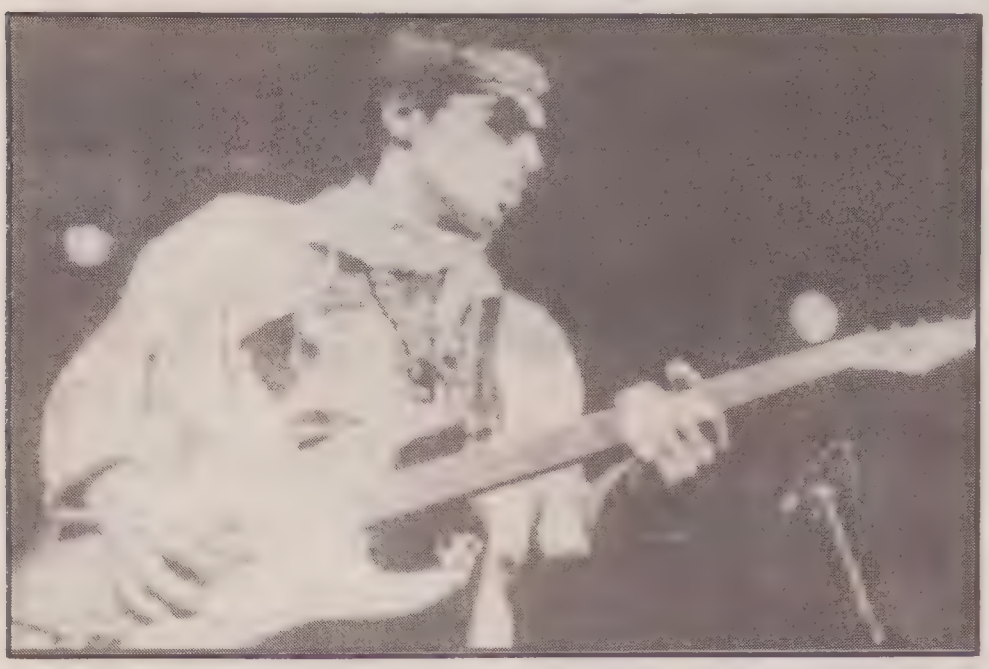
Midnight Oil were good this night, but they've performed better. Being regarded as Australia's finest rock'n'roll live band means they have to prove it and, while they are one of Australia's finest bands, the sound production let them down. Live Midnight Oil has always been about clean, hard rock melodies and they fell short a little this night. Garrett's voice also proved worrying at times. He'd probably be the first to admit he doesn't have the greatest singing voice in the country and this was, indeed, proved this night. The essential problem was that Garrett's vocals were mixed too far up in the overall sound. At times his voice became a scream, while at other times it nicely fitted in with the other instruments like a vocal should. Still, the zeal of Midnight Oil's music punctuated the foggy sound and made for a good (musically anyway) show. Hercules, from their new Species Deceases EP, sounded mighty, as did Kosiosko, from Red Sails In The Sunset. But to balance these high spots, US Forces and Power And The Passion were distorted and sounded dreadful. As a sideline the band covered The Johnny's Buzzsaw Baby (Really Cup Me Up) an overt reference to the Daintree Crisis.

Do Re Mi, playing half an hour before Oil started, were very credible and their concert sound reproduction was far superior to Midnight Oil's. Dorland Bray's drums had a big, untainted sound; Deborah Conway's voice was powerful and clean; and the bass and guitar of Helen Carter and Stephen Phillip, respectively, were clearly defined. Do Re Mi's songs may not be as exciting as Midnight Oil's, but their live show was better this night. Conway can reproduce her vocals on record onto the stage with the same power and pitch. Garrett could not this night.

I don't know what the Warumpi Band's singer aspires to do, but he's not a very good singer. This band's whole set was messy and unprofessional. The Warumpi Band were evidence that pub band's should stay there and not attempt to conquer the different ambience of an arena such as the Sydney Entertainment Centre before they're ready.

Spy Vs Spy and Redgum both put in strong performances.

— SCOTT HOWLETT



Nils Lofgren

Venue: Bristol Colston Hall

Nils is in his customary troubadour gear, stroking the piano and crooning an old number to cheer himself up. "You know the sun hasn't set on this boy yet." From way up in the balcony that sounds like a big porky.

All that touring with Neil and Bruce has engendered the dreaded stadium mentality into those good ole' riffs which made Nils the rising star of the mid '70s. Way back then there was a restraint in his songs about picking up guitars and girls.

Nils kept the flag flying for rock'n roll, but now he's down there trading licks with the worst of them. He's got a 'real pro' band with all the sensitivity of a howitzer battalion. Unable to hide behind another front man, Nils falls back on solos and more bloody solos, carving up each song well after its natural life has expired. "Look ma! This is my band, watch me go!"

He could certainly have chosen a better crew to back him up than this desensitised bunch, who obviously think they've been given a gig with Foreigner.

'Cry Tough' is demolished and the admittedly weak material from 'Flip' dissolves into one big mushy heap. Only 'Back It Up' survives intact, and that's a tribute to the quality of the songnot the playing.

Nils the showman does some break dancing, bounces on the trampoline and plays a solo from the Circle, to whoops of delight, while the Boothill Clod-Hoppers drone away down on stage.

Half way through the set I took to counting the number of little holes in the ceiling. All 408 of them. Now I know how many holes it takes to fill the Colston Hall. Nils should either get a new band, or get back into someone else's, because if songs were cats I'd have been down the RSPCA first thing in the morning.

— CAMPBELL STEVENSON

Los Trios Ringbarkus/Neil

Venue: Opera Theatre, Adelaide

A review (by Actual Audience Members);

Punter X: "They were funnier than I thought they'd be."

Punter Y: "Naaah, I'm getting a bit pissed off with Los Trios Ringbarkus. They're like Tim & Debbie really, the joke wore off 'cos they couldn't progress. Or wouldn't progress."

Punter X: "Yeah, but you still can't dispute that there were bits of it that were really funny."

Punter Y: "Yeah bits of it were, yeah. I mean, the problem with audiences like this is they get into some British cult TV show and they think it's the same thing live.

Punter X: "I dunno what you're talking about, really.

Punter Y: "Didja go see Mel S[illegible]

down to the fact comedy is in the ears of the beholder."

Punter X: "Oh great, we've got a bloody 'definite maybe' man here!"

Another review (by Recepient of Free Ticket).

There's a certain humour within us that is cynical, illiberal and a polymorphously peverse blend of scatlogy and satire which was initially tapped by National Lampoon and Monty Python, and which has now made it into living room respectability (well, sort of!) through the antics of Neil and Los Trios Ringbarkus.

The two acts compliement each other beautifully, which was just as well, as there was a lot of deliberate upstaging. They're both daggy, and they get their laughs by [illegible]xing lampooning [illegible]h a scabrous gross nostal[illegible] way through respectability and niceness, with bad jokes, bad taste jokes, songs like "How She Never Has An Orgasm", lots of hippie-orientated jokes about free-love diseases and terminology (referring to his accountant as a "financial guru" because, of course, hippies aren't interested in money, maaaan).

Then there are truly horrendous canned renditions of "Hole In My Shoe" and "Lentil Nightmare".

Ringbarkus' flaw, is that they have yet to develop strong enough characterisation that calls for instant identification. Possibly they need to gain this sort of exposure through TV or film. But in any case, they carry [illegible] off so well because they still [illegible] most, whether [illegible] inner-

Madness/Ian Dury/Marc Almond/Gregory Isaacs-/Frank Chickens/Imagination/Billy Bragg

Venue: London Finsbury Park Big Top

Torrid and torchy soothsayer of Barking. Billy Bragg, had the daunting task of warming up a half-packed Big Top. Competing against the flapping of wind-slapped canvas and the twanging of guy-ropes, he relayed sturdy and vigorous versions of 'Which Side Are You On', 'New England', 'Levi Stubb's Tears' and a near tremulous version of 'Tracks Of My Tears.' His claim, that he only dwells so intimately in song on the subject of masturbation to stop Linda Ronstadt doing covers of them, was a good try. I think we considered ourselves warmed up.

Lorna Gee prowled solo to a backing tape in a low-key performance frustrated by technical hitches which is maybe why the set was so disappointingly short. Her forthcoming 45 'Got To Find A Way' spiralled its way straight of the old pleasure centre and one awaits its retail appearance with bated pennies.

Imagination presented a wonderfully incongrous spectacle — for a spectacle they were, especially Ashly who wore a fabby suit apparently crafted from a loudly floral curtain. Their whole set, indeed, was loudly floral, all the old flowery faves. 'Yahoo!" sang out the old pleasure centre.

Despite easy access to the "socialist co-operative" bar, unemployment's usual financial constraints made it difficult for most people to embrace the traditional ale-induced Xmas revelry. But this GLC-sponsored alternative to the end of year office party was still made successful by a varied choice of music and, in particular, by a wonderful Madness set which sharpened the knees-up effect of their greatest hits with a witty and cutting irony. After giving "a special thanks to all of those who gave up their jobs to be here," Madness uncovered the songs and the sentiments which have enabled them to become the best pop group in Britain.

Their seamless sound is shaped by songs like 'Embarrassment', 'My Girl', 'It Must Be Love', 'Michael Caine', 'Grey Day and 'Uncle Sam' which melt into and then fade out of each other's company whilst, always, retaining their own distinctive character. The Madness mark was at its most obvious during 'Yesterday's Men' when the tent was engulfed by the blackly ironic "it must get better in the long run" chorus which elicited a collective half-smile/half-sigh from the Big Top Party.

The arrival of Ian Dury on stage and the ensuing "*welcome to the house of fun*" type ditties soon lightened the mood, and once again emphasised Madness' ability to instil different emotions into their music. Whether they're playing 'Grey Day' or 'Yesterday's Men', "brilliant" now seems the most appropriate word to describe Madness.

The party's other major pop attraction was the appearance of Aarc Almond who arrived with a cheery "hello reprobates" and a promise that "tonight I'm going to cut the crap."

The bland 'Stories Of Johnny' type songs were wisely ignored and, instead, Almond careered between thumping disco-rock melodrama, belting blues theatrics and a wildly adventurous, unaccompanied vocal rendition of 'House Of The Rising Sun.'

These eclectic indulgences eventually wear thin but, during this hours long set, Almond and his Willing Sinners made a welcome return to their past guise of being "interesting" rather than just irritating — with the standout songs being 'When I Was A Young Man', 'Pink Shack Blues' and an inspired cover of 'Unchain My Heart.'

Gregory Isaacs provided the night's reggae with a set which was dominated by "pleasant" rather than "crucial" sounds. The past few years, and the different problems which hound him in Jamaica, have seen the once great Gregory reduced to churning out confused and complacent records far removed from the sublime quality of his classic cuts. However there were moments here when this waste was forgotten as his voice hinted at its original purity. But even then, Isaacs seemed an especially lightweight "cool ruler."

Earlier in the evening The Frank Chickens were in far less languid mood. After the now obligatory 'Blue Canary' they launched into an "angry song about that woman" — which was a clear reminder than in '86, the GLC, far from throwing another Xmas Party, will also be joining the ranks of the unemployed.

— CATH CARROLL & DONALD McRAE

The Rain Parade Snakes Of Shake

Venue: Greenwich Tunnel Club

Names. The power of association. Snakes Of Shake: swamp rock with a dry, fishbone rattle.

Their single, 'Southern Cross': The Band and a more recent, collection of Australian curios. Pah! What's in a name anyway? S.O.S. come from Glasgow and are led by the redoubtable Seori Burnette, he of the tough tunes, lank mop, blazing harmonica and embarrassing dervish stage demeanour.

It's a great angle he's got here. Fronting four musicians [illegible] that arcs painfully [illegible] passionately) over the solid haulage of the backing.

Not much of the Band is there, but a measured brush with countrified rock all the same (neat touches of Zydeco keyboards on the single), topped off with a bullish sense of drama that engagingly stays on the dry towpath beside The Waterboys' brimming acoustic wash (which doesn't stop them corralling the stabbin piano motif from 'A Girl Called Johnny'. Ha!) Expect goodish things to come.

And talking of things wet, welcome back The Rain Parade, jetting in whilst the jetting's good to play cerebral mystics beside The Long Ryders' seasoned mythics and Green On Red's [illegible]

[illegible] their sense of self-importance with a few laudatory press pieces and let them make their own links with a jewelled past of their choosing.

Viola! A band that looks like it's been around a dozen years and plays like it's been a dozen more.

Did frustration get mentioned a little earlier? For The Rain Parade, it's playing with the wrong gauge strings or a faulty footswitch, not the tensing ingredient that occasions pratfalls and breakthroughs (an ever-floating ratio), the reason for getting at these in the first place. Some of it still burn, eh Lee.

[illegible] testament to "rocks lost in [illegible] gravity in The Lame Parade's grainy, gorging sound when they should instead be scratching out something far less rebellious, far more punishing.

— BILL PRINCE

Man Friday Chez Chez Bang

Venue: Tropicana Club, Melbourne

Man Friday's initial burst onto the scene had been a varied multi-dimensional music of happy rhythms, congas, catchy vocal hooks, wailing lyrics and melodic choruses. It was a style that they subtly redefined through the months, slowly becoming one of the more successful live bands around Melbourne.

They've however been daunted by lack of major record company interest, which no doubt explained that playing the same old songs without being able to churn through fresh material gave parts of the set a jaded sense. But not enough to destroy the tribal exhiliration in the music.

Nevertheless, the band's progression is evident — since I last saw them about six months ago, they've broadened their scope and music and expression, with frequent passages of poignancy while retaining the original excitement. From tonight's show I realised I liked them a whole lot more, though I still think their music spends most time not in the darkness and light as they purport to evoke, but in the grey area between the two.

The added dexterity of the compositions showed most effectively in singer Jerome Speldwinde's vocals: the emotion and pitch of his voice was filled with pity and eager if isolated compassions, each line like a fine arrow carrying a message of sadness/hope. Rather than riding and inspiring the surges of the music, the instrumentalists are heavyweights, powerfully combative and anthemic, and Speldwinde struggled up with good effect to avoid being spread-eagled with the audience against this concrete wall of despair optimism.

The environment Man Friday create in our senses is a volatile one — there is no room for pity or metaphors here. Everything is down the line. "Don't you step back" they command during one number. "Working so hard for the bourgeois" they gristle with so much menace there's very little space for our pity.

Some of the earlier lyrics now seem a bit clumsy, and I much prefer the personalised insights and class of "May As Well Give And Take", "Red Herring" and "Resistance." Despite the shifts in style, Man Friday's stance is the same — the lyrics are about solidarity, never lofty. The music is tribal and warm, never grandiose.

Chez Chez Band are a mid-80s pop band, with a point of reference that doesn't necessarily go past the left wing commercialism of Talking Heads or XTC.

Chez Chez Band use cutely audacious deriviative ideas but you can't fault their pop sensibilities — their music has the hooks, repetition, volume, nonsense, speed, sexuality, insistence... For an outfit that's still young, there's a confident and professionalism that is as much admirable as it is threatening.

As with pop, there's a strong dose of voyerism and electicism, and their self-penned "Chain Of Fools", "Dance Into Heaven", "Body Deviation" and "Amazon Love" fits into their covers like the Heads' "Life During War-Time" or The Bangles "Going Back To Liverpool." Chez Chez Band are a package — appealing, appetising, entertaining, etc — qualities which will probably work against them as much as it works for them, depending on what sort of audience you'll see them play before.

— CHRISTIE ELIEZER

Major Minor

Venue: Tropicana Club, Melbourne

"For another major event at the Tropicana" the advertisements claimed: and major it was. The band was presented in a clean and immaculate form, with a stage consisting of white platforms and a parachute suspended above. The sound was very slick and the light show was quite spectacular, it was professionalism at its best.

But what about the band?

Major Minor are a four piece, consisting of guitar, bass, drums, and keyboards; with the two guitarists playing the leading roles. The band had a sound typical of a synth rock band, for a moment there I could have easily been listening to the Fixx, The Venetians or even Mi-Sex.

However, there were moments when the bands material lifted the performance from just another synth rock band. The first number "Line Of Fire" had [illegible] through the audience, playing a marching drum. This number and "I've Been Waiting For You All Of My Life" stood out with their pleasant melodies.

The band obviously had a lot of enthusiasm and this was shared by the large crowd. However, too often for my liking the band seemed to slip into the traditional rock formula with three minute guitar solos, a smoke machine and rousing comments such as "So how are ya feelin."

The Tropicana didn't seem to help things, with its reputation for being conservative and without much character.

At times Major Minor seemed to reflect this: very "safe" and quite frankly, they all looked like junior accountants or public servants.

Yet the band did have some sparks and they have to work on this. As sometimes the instrumentation and material was very impressive, they just need to take a few more risks.

— DAVID O'NEIL

Gig Guide

The Juke national gig guide is Australia's most comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right across the country.

The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke by 11 a.m. on Thursday mornings, for the following week's gigs (Monday to Sunday).

Please note, that under NO circumstances will gig listings or alterations be taken after the close-off time.

Listings can be posted, or phoned to Debra Baines on (03) 605 4228. They can also be telexed on AA30331.

Victoria

ANTHONY ACKROYD
25 Armadale Hotel
AGE 1 & 2
25 The Venue
ALLIGATOR PARADE
21 Grosvenor Hotel, 23 Tiger Lounge
ARDVARKS AFTERBIRTH
25 Prince of Wales
ARM THE INSANE
25 Duke of Edinburgh
ATHOL GUYSyz
23 Riverside Inn
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
25 Friendly Society Park, Warrnambool
BACHELORS FROM PRAGUE
24 Inflation
BILLY BAXTERS HOLLOW MEN
24 The Tote
BEGGARMAN THIEF
21 Fosters, 24 Isle of Wight Hotel, Cowes, 26 Riverview Hotel, Tarwin Lower
BE KIND TO SCHOOLGIRLS
23 Nicabellas, 25 Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc
THE BELIEVERS
23 Tiger Lounge, 25 Central Club
BE WICKED
21 The Palace
BIG MUSIC WORKS
26 Prospect Hill
THE BO WEEVILS
24 The Tote
BOYS KEEP SWINGING
23 Tropicana Club, 24 Dava Hotel, Mornington, 25 The Venue
PETE BRENNAN
25 Armadale Hotel
IAN BROADBENT
22,24 The Star Hotel, Sth Melb
BRIAN CADD BAND
25 Friendly Society Park, Warrnambool
CAPTAIN SPALDING
25 Moonee Ponds Tavern
CATCH 22
25 Edwards Tavern
CHARLI
22 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 23 The Palace, 24 Billboard, 25 Prospect Hill
CHEMISTRY
25 Kirkpatricks Hotel, Mornington
COBBERS
23 Croydon Library Grounds, 25 Settlers Club, Mildura, 26 The Rotunda, Mildura (morning), 26 Oasis Hotel (late)
COVER UP
23 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
CRUMMY COWBOYS
25 Inflation
DEAN AND CARRUTHERS
25 Clickitys, Carlton
DECK THE HALLS
23 Eureka Hotel, Geelong
DON'T PANIC
24 The Venue
EARWIGS U.P.
23 Creole Club
EUROGLIDERS
21 Fosters, 22 Ararat Performing Arts Ctre, 23 Billboard, 24 Ferntree Gully Hotel
EXECUTIVE FEEL
26 Sydenham Hotel
THE FABS
20 The Palace, 21 Bouzey Rouge, 24 Nicabellas, 25 Club Chevron
FAIR WARNING
23 Prospect Hill
FICTICIOUS CHARACTERS
25 Grosvenor Hotel
MARTY FIELDS
21,22,23 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 24,25 Palace Hotel, Camberwell
FIRST OFFENCE
24 Tiger Lounge
FLYING PIEMEN
23 Progress Hall, Coolaroo
FULL CRY
23 The Palace, 25 Village Green
GASH
25 Duke of Edinburgh
GEISHA
21 Ocean Grove Hotel, 22 Tropicana Club, 23 The Arena, 24 Tottenham Hotel, 25 Armadale Hotel, 26 The Palace
GLENN WAVERLEY & THE MENTONES
25 Corner Hotel, Richmond
GOOD QUESTION
26 Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc (arvo)
GREAT LEAP FORWARD
26 Tottenham Hotel
HARVEST
26 Hampton High School (early)
THE HEP CATS
25 Mentone Hotel
HOME TRUTH
23 Creole Club
HOODOO GURUS
21 The Palace, 22 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 24 Rosebud Village Green
BRENDA HORIN
21,22,23,24,25 The Regent Hotel
ASHLEY HUGHES
25 Pier Hotel
JOHNNY SAID SO
23 Panton Hill Hotel, 24 The Paradise Club
JON MOL
20,21,23,25 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 23 The Palace Hotel, Camberwell (early), 24 Sentimental Bloke Hotel, 26 Somerville Hotel
JULY 14TH
26 Riverside Inn
KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
21 Ocean Grove Hotel, 22 Traralgon Hotel, 23 The Palace, 24 Rosebud Foreshore, 25 Village Green, 26 Tottenham Hotel
KING JERKLEWS
24 Riverside Inn
JANEY KITTO
23 Governor Hotham Hotel
LAST CHANCE DANCE
22 Lincolnshire Arms Hotel, Essendon, 23 New Orleans Hotel, 24 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully, 25 Sherbourne Hotel, Shepparton
LEAD WESTERN
20 Sydenham Hotel
SHAUN LEAHY
24,25 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
LEFT HAND DRIVE
24 Tiger Lounge

LOONEY TUNES
24 Miners Rest Hotel, Wonthaggi, 25 Pacific Hotel, Lorne

ANDY LUTZE & ELECTRIC CO
24 Commercial Hotel, Yarram, 26 Isle of Wight Hotel, Cowes

TIM LYNK
26 Clickitys, Carlton
MAN FRIDAY
24 The Venue
MANIAC ROCKERS FROM HELL
22 Central Hotel, Brighton, 24 Bouzy Rouge, 25 New Boundary Hotel
MATRIX CLUB
25 Prospect Hill Hotel
DOUGIE MACDONALD
24,25 Essendon Hotel
PAUL McKAY SOUND
22,24,25 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
MIKADO
25 Village Green Hotel
MOSQUITO FLEET
24 Grosvenor Hotel
MY IMAGINATION
25 Armadale Hotel
NO NONSENSE
23 The Palace, 24 Ocean Grove Hotel, 25 Tropicana Club, 26 Pacific Hotel, Lorne
NUMATICS
26 Prospect Hill
THE ONES
22 Duke of Edinburgh
ORCHESTRA OF SKIN & BOTH
24 Creole Club
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
21 The Palace, 23 Chasers, 24 Pacific Hotel, Lorne
BRENT PARLANE
20 Carlton Club Hotel, 22 Harp Hotel, Kew, 23 Coach & Horses, Ringwood, 24 Royal Oak, Nth Carlton, 25 Central Hotel, Brighton
PARTY GIRLS
20 Prince of Wales
PERCOLATORS BLUES BAND
25 Riverside Inn, Richmond
PHANTOM BAND
24 Tropicana Club, 24 Prospect Hill Hotel
PINK SOLDIER
25 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
PRIME STYLE
21 Central Club, Richmond
PSEUDO ECHO
21 Theatre Royal Hotel, Swan Hill, 25 Friendly Society Park, Warrnambool, 26 The Palace
PSYCHOTIC STAIRS
24 Tiger Lounge, 26 Williamstown Summer Festival
PUNTER TO PUNTER SUMMER TOURING SHOW
21 Mallacoota Golf Club, 22 Marshalls Commonwealth Hotel, 23 Wyong Hotel, 24 The Rock Garden, 26 Miners Rest Hotel, Wonthaggi
RAM BAND
25 Matthew Flinders Hotel
REAL LIFE
21 Hotel Hamilton, 22 Locarna Hotel, 23 Royal Hotel, Portland, 24 Billboard, 25 Friendly Society Park, Warrnambool, 26 Ocean Grove Hotel
RENEGADE
25 Duke of Edinburgh
PETER ROBERTS
21 Clickitys, Carlton, 23 The Palace
ROCKIT 88
21 Grosvenor Hotel, 24 Sydenham Hotel, 25,26 Calledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi
MARTY ROSE
20 Star Hotel, Sth Melb

S.A.S.
23 Prospect Hill Hotel
SCAT
24 Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc, 25 New Orleans Hotel, Sth Yarra
SCHIZO SCHERZO
25 The Venue
SEMINAL RATS
23 Tiger Lounge, 25 Prince of Wales
SEVEN DESPERATE MEN
23 Edwards Tavern, 24 Images, Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc
MIKE SEVILLE
22 Commercial Hotel, 24,25 Heidelberg Hotel
SHANGHAI AU GO GO
25 Riverside Inn
THE SLAUGHTERMEN
23 Stockade Hotel, 24 Riverside Inn, 25 Rising Sun Hotel, Port Melb
BRODERICK SMITH
25 Governor Hotham Hotel
TIM SMITH
25 Armadale Hotel
SNAKEHIPPS TAYLOR
25 Tiger Lounge
SOFTWARE SEDUCTION
25 Riverside Hotel, Richmond
SOUL SEARCH
26 Duke of Edinburgh (arvo)
SOUTHERN LIGHTNIN'
25 Tiger Lounge
SPACE CADETS
23 Duke of Edinburgh
SPANIARDS
23 Eureka Hotel, 24 Tropicana Club, 25 Prospect Hill, 26 The Palace
ANNIE STANFORD BAND
20 The Roxy, 23 Continental Hotel, Sorrento
STARTING WITH A
25 Isle of Wight, Cowes
STAY IN TOUCH
22 Ararat Performing Arts Ctre
STEALERS
24 Kirkpatricks Hotel, Mornington
STRINGBUSTERS
23 Royal Derby Hotel
SURVIVAL
23 Anchor & Hope Tavern, 24 New Boundary Hotel, 25 The Palace
SWEET TALK
23 Ritchies, 24 Village Green, 25 Dromana Hotel
THESE FUTURE KINGS
25 Grosvenor Hotel
THRILL KILLERS
23 Prince of Wales
TOUCH WOOD
24 Governor Hotham Hotel
TURTLE HEADS
23 Riverside Inn
UNDER COVER
23 Kirkpatricks Hotel, Mornington, 24 Village Green Hotel, 25 Somerville Hotel
UNINVITED GUESTS
23 Duke of Edinburgh
VENOM P STINGER
25 Prince of Wales
VINNIE & THE VIBRATORS
20 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
THE VOID
24 Duke of Edinburgh
WALL SCRAWL
23 Eureka Hotel, 24 Central Hotel, Brighton
WASTED & THE WAISTCOATS
25 Creole Club
WAZOO
23 Caseys Nite Spot, 24 Roxy Hotel, 25 Dinausaur Hotel, Geelong
WEDDINGS PARTIES ANYTHING
23 Prince of Wales Hotel, 24 Armadale Hotel, 25 Inflation
WENDY & THE ROCKETTS
25 Yarrawonga Showgrounds, 26 Terminus Hotel
WHISPERING GALLERY
24 Grosvenor Hotel
THE WHITES
23 Billboard, 24 Ferntree Gully Hotel
WILD SCIENCE
26 Prospect Hill
WISE GUISE
24 Tiger Lounge
GARY WOOLRICH
20 Portsea Hotel, 23 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
YOONOHOO
24 Boxcar, Windsor
ZIMMERMEN
22 Grosvenor Hotel

N.S.W.

ABBEY ROAD
23 Stallions, Parramatta
ACETONES
26 West Wyalong Showground
ALLNITERS
25 Yarrawonga Showgrounds, 26 Ronson, Endeavour Field
THE ANGELS
22 Lithgow Workers
AUSSIE JESUS
22 Caringbah Inn, 23 Mosman Hotel
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
26 Ronson Field
BABY LOVES TO CHA CHA
23 Manzil Room, 26 Kincumber Hotel (early), Wamberal Surf Club (late)
IAN BEAM
20 Shanneys, Hurstville
BEATNIX
22 Coffs Harbour Ex Servicemans Club, 24 Scone Bowling Club, 25 Cardiff Dist. Workers Club, 26 Tivoli
BLEACH BOYS
23 Caringbah Inn, 24 St. Marys Band Club, 25 Corrimal L.C., 26 Hotel Manly
BLUES NIGHT
22 Shanneys
DAVID BOND
22 Eastwood Hotel, 23 Auburn Hotel, 24 Narwee Hotel, 25 Fortuna Palace
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
23 Newcastle Workers Club, 24 Selinas, 25 Hills Inn
CARBON COPY
22 Caringbah Inn
CATTLETRUCK
22 Byron Bay Arts Factory, 24 Enmore Theatre, 25 Dee Why Hotel, 26 Selinas
CHALLENGE
24 Whitehouse Inn, Kingsford, 25 Connections, Maitland
CHASIN THE TRAIN
25 Mona Vale Hotel, 26 Revesby Pacific Hotel
CHEQUES IN THE MAIL
25 Hills Inn
CHOKAROCK
22 Intersection Bistro
CLICHE
22 Hotel Manly, 23 Sweethearts, 24 Blacktown RSL, 25 Campbelltown RSL, 26 Illawarra Master Builders Club
COCKROACHES
23 Sweethearts, 24 Dee Why Hotel, 25 Castle Hill RSL, 26 Ronson Field
THE CRAZ BROS
21 Stallions, Hurstville, 22 Stallions, Parramatta
CREEDENCE RISING
24 Moby Dicks Surf Club, 25 Sheilas, 26 Shell Harbour Workers Club
THE CUCKOOS
24 Piccadilly Hotel
KIRK DAVIS
21 Shanneys, Hurstville
DAYTIME ACTORS
22 Kentucky Tavern Parramatta, 23 Peppers, Coogee, 24 Deepwater Motorboat Club, 25 Blacktown RSL Club
DER STRAZA
24 Rooty Hill RSL, 25 Manzil Room, 26 Parramatta L.C.
DICK BENT & THE BENTNICK FAMILY
22 Piccadilly Hotel, 24 Caringbah Inn, 25 Mona Vale Hotel
DIED PRETTY
23 St James Tavern, 24 Mosman Hotel
THE DIGITS
23 Gymea Hotel, 24 Eastwood Hotel, 25 Cronulla L.C., 26 Whitehouse Inn
DRAGON
23 Goulburn Workers Club, 26 Ronson Field
EASY MONEY
24 Illawarra Master Builders Club, 25 Bull & Bush
ELECTRIC PANDAS
21 Seabreeze Hotel, Nelsons Bay, 22 Penrith L.C., 24 Lismore Workers Club
FAT TIME
22 Canberra Labour Club, 23 Canberra Royals F.C., 24 Canberra Labour Club, 25 Canberra Royals F.C., 26 Moby Dick Surfers Club
FIFTH BUSINESS
23 Piccadilly Hotel
FINGER GUNS
22 Caringbah Inn, 23 Mosman Hotel, 24 Piccadilly Hotel, 25 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
FLOCK OF BUDGIES
23 New York Tavern
FOREIGN LEE & THE LEGIONAIRES
24 Broadway Hotel
FRENCH CONNECTION
23 Intersection Bistro
FRYING DUX
25 Picton Ent't Ctre
FURTHER DIVERSION
20 DiDi's
GANG GAJANG
24 Balmain L.C., 25 Local Inn, West Ryde, 26 Avalon Beach RSL Club
GENERATION
21 Sheilas, 22 Cock & Bull, 23 Feathers, 24 Parramatta L.C., 25 New York Tavern, 26 Kentucky Tavern
GETAWAY PLANES
21 Piccadilly Hotel
GET WET SINGLET SHOW
21 Park Beach Hotel, Coffs Harbour, 22 Oscars Nightclub, Port Macquarie, 23 Shannyes, Hurstville, 23 Annabelles, Woolongong, 25 Di-'Di's, 26 Caringbah Inn

RENEE GEYER
22 Marconi Club
DAVID GIBBONS
20,22,24 Observer Hotel, 26 Bangor Tavern
HOODOO GURUS
26 Ronson Field, Cronulla
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
26 Byron Bay Arts Factory
IT
22 Sweethearts, 25 Banjos
JOHNNY KANNIS EXPLOSION
23 Sheilas, 24 Kardomah Club, 26 St. George Budapest Soccer Club
DANIEL JOHNS
21,23 Observer Hotel, 24,25 Grand Hotel, Bondi, 26 Observer Hotel
JUMP INCORPORATED
23 Kardomah Cafe, 24 Wyong L.C.
KAMIKAZE KATZ
22 Marconi Club
THE KEY
23 Mosman Hotel
LINDA KNIGHT & THE DEVILS
23 Malabar RSL Club
ROBBIE KRUPSKI & HOT CARGO
21,22 Cardiff Dist. Workers Club, 23 Hotel Manly
LIPP SYSTEM
22 Kentucky Tavern, Parramatta
LITTLE MONA
21 Piccadilly Hotel, 24 Botany View Hotel, Newtown
LOVE CRITICS
24 Leumeah Inn, 25 Sylvania Hotel
MAINSTREET
22 Kentucky Tavern, Parramatta
DANNY MAYERS & THE KOOKA BROS
21 DiDi's
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
21 Thebarton Town Hall, 25 Yarrawonga Showgrounds, 26 Ronson Field
MI SEX
21 Tivoli, 22 Shellharbour Workers Club, 23 Newcastle Workers Club, 24 Cronulla Workers Club, 25 Bankstown RSL Club, 26 Wyong L.C.
MISTER SISTER
22 Rose Shamrock & Thistle, Balmain, 23 Shanneys, Hurstville, 24 Hilton Hotel, 25 Stallions, Hurstville, 26 Nth Wollongong Hotel
THE MOFFS
24 Yugal Soccer Club
MONDO ROCK
20 Ettalong Beach Memorial Club, 22 Caesers Palace, Ipswich, 23 Ballina RSL, 24 Mooloolaba Hotel
MOOD SECTION
21 Stallions, Parramatta, 22 DiDi's, 23 Banjo's, Bladesville, 24 Sheilas, 25 Piccadilly Hotel
NEWSREEL
23 Stallions, Hurstville, 24 Picton Ent. Ctre
NIGHTCLUB
20 Stallions, Hurstville, 24 Illawarra L.C., 25 Fantales, Camperdown
ONE ARM LOOSE
21 Pennant Hills Inn, 24 Collegians F.C.
PARTYGIRLS
22 DiDi's, 23 Caringbah Inn, 26 Thirroul L.C.
PINK SLIPS
24 Uptown Circus, Newcastle
THE PLAYBOYS
24 Mittagong RSL, 25,26 Mollymook RSL
PRANKSTERS
24 Yugal Soccer Club
PSYCHOTIC TURNBUCKLES
24 Hills Inn
THE RADIATORS
21 Wollongong Town Hall, 22 Ettalong Memorial Club, 23 Revesby Workers Club, 24 Wyong Leagues Club, 25 St. George Leagues Club, 26 Parramatta L.C.
RAGADOLL
22 Manzil Room
RAVEN
22 Seabreeze Hotel, Nelson Bay, 24 Connections, Maitland
RUSTY ROMEOS
21 Piccadilly Hotel
R.V. & THE WALLBANGERS
23 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SAMURAI TRASH
21 Kardomah Cafe, 23 Dee Why Hotel
SAVANNAH
23 Stallions, Hurstville, 25 DiDi's
SILENT TYPES
20 Manzil Room
69ERS
23 Sylvania Hotel, 24 Tourmaline Hotel, 25 Illawarra Leagues
GEORGE SMILOVICI
23 Greenfields Tavern
SOUTHERN TRAMPS
23 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SPIES
20,21 Byron Bay Arts Factory, 23 Sth Grafton Services Club, 24 Coffs Harbour Civic Ctre, 25 Port Macquarie RSL
SPUNKBUBBLES
24 Hills Inn
STORMY MONDAY
22 Stallions, Hurstville
SURPRISE SURPRISE
21 Manzil Room, 24 Sylvania Hotel
SWINGING TEES
23 DiDi's
TANGO BRAVO
21 Tivoli, 22 Shellharbour Workers Club, 23 Newcastle Workers Club, 24 Cronulla Workers Club, 25 Bankstown RSL Club, 26 Wyong L.C.
THIS IS THIS
21,24 Kardomah Cafe
T.M.G.
26 Panthers, Penrith
TORRID ZONE
23 Hiton Hotel, 24 Stallions, Parramatta, 25 Hilton Hotel
TROPICAL PENGUINS
23 Piccadilly Hotel
TWISTHOPS
25 Brookvale Hotel
UNDERCOVERS
23 Sefton Hotel, 25 Austral Bowling Club
URBAN GUERILLAS
24 Manzil Room
THE WANDERERS
20 Stallions, Parramatta
A.T. WELLS
24 Harold Park Hotel, 25 Evening Star Hotel
WE OF OZ
25 Stallions, Parramatta
WET ONES
23 St. James Tavern, 24 Sutherland Royal Hotel, 25 Mosman Hotel
WORD OF MOUTH
24 DiDi's
THE WORKS
25 Shanneys, Hurstville
XANTHE
23 Hunters Hill Hotel, 24 Alberts Tavern
YOUNG HEARTS
22 St. George Sailing Club, 23 New York Tavern, 24 Fraternity Bowling Club

Gig Guide

Queensland

BLUEBEAT ALLSTARS
22 Villa Noosa Hotel, 23 Calamvale Hotel, Brisbane, 24 The Playroom, Surfers, 25 Caloundra Civic Centre, 26 Alexandra Headlands Hotel
CATTLETRUCK
20 Easts L.C., 21 Bombay Rock
DOGS NEXT DOOR
21 Castle Hotel, 22 Strathpine Country Club, 23 Castle Hotel, 24 & 25 Caesars Palace, 26 Castle Hotel
PAT DRUMMOND
21 Melanesian Village, 22 Coloundra Civic & Cultural Theatre, 23 Bombay Rock, 24 Deception Bay Hotel
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
24 East Leagues Club, 25 Jet Club
MONDO ROCK
25, 26 Playroom
STRAIGHT PEOPLE
20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 The Playpen, Cairns
THE SUPERNATURALS
24 Calamvale Hotel
SYNCRASY
20, 21, 22, 23, 14, 25, 26 The Roxy
TRILOBITES
24 & 25 Gatsby's, Brisbane
X Y Zoo
25 Calamvale Hotel

S.A.

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
23,24 Thebarton Theatre
THE BAD TRIPS
24 Tivoli Hotel
THE BODGIES
25 Ko Klub 'Live'
THE BOYS
23 Lockleys Hotel
CASUAL T'S
23 Tou Can Tou
DR DAMAGE
22 Ko Klub 'Live'
DIVISION 4
23 Sth Adelaide F.C., 25 Findon Hotel, 26 The Ranch, Murray Bridge
DRAGON
21 Thebarton Town Hall
EAST END BAND
24 Ko Klub 'Live'
EXPLODING WHITE MICE
25 Tivoli Hotel
FLYERS
22 Tou Can Tou
THE FOOLS
21,22,23 Pharoahs, 24 Pharoahs (late)
DICK FRANKELS JAZZ DISCIPLES
26 Kent Town Hotel (arvo)
FULL HOUSE BLUES BAND
23 Britannia Hotel
GROUND ZERO
24 Leg Trap Hotel, 25 Austral Hotel
HEARTBEAT REGGAE BAND
24 Britannia Hotel
HOODOO GURUS
25 Thebarton Theatre
DAVID HUNT
25 Mile End Hotel
INSIDE OUT
21 Tou Can Tou
THE JOHNNIES
23,24,25 Le Rox
THE MAD TURKS
24 Tivoli Hotel
JEFF MARTIN & JOHN
23 Kent Town Hotel
MEGA BOYS
26 Pharoahs
MICKEY FINN
25 Pharoahs
MUSHROOMS AFTER DARK
21 Tou Can Tou
THE PLAGUE
24 Tivoli Hotel
PLANETS AT RISK
22 Lockleys Hotel
RHYTHM METHOD
23 Mile End
RITZEE BOULEVARD
20 Grenfell Tavern
ROYAL GARDEN JAZZ BAND
22 Britannia Hotel
SHUT UP SUSIE
23 Ko Klub 'Live'
SPANK YOU VERY MUCH
26 Le Rox
SUBURBAN BEARS
24 Ko Klub 'Live'
SYNTHETIX
22 Kent Town Hotel
TRUCK
24 Austral Hotel
TURN ON STILTS
21 Tou Can Tou
THE TWITS
22 Royal Admiral Hotel

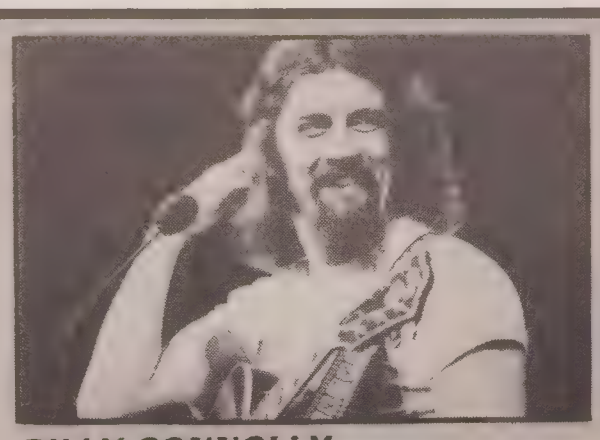
On tour

SMOKIE
February 27: Castle Hill RSL Club, Sydney
February 28: Bankstown Sports Club, Sydney
March 1: Selinas, Sydney
March 2: Orange Ex-Services Club, Sydney

JAMES TAYLOR
January 24: Perth Entertainment Centre
January 26: Apollo Stadium, Adelaide
January 29: Festival Hall, Brisbane
January 31, 1: Sydney Entertainment Ctre, Sydney
February 3, 4: Melbourne Sports & Ent't Ctre
February 5: Bruce Stadium, Canberra
February 6: Civic Centre, Newcastle

NEW YORK STAND UP
January 29-February 23: Athenaeum Theatre, Melbourne
February 25-March 1: Canberra Arts Theatre
March 4-March 16: Sydney Trade Union Club

THOMPSON TWINS
February 3: Festival Hall, Brisbane
February 5: Sydney Entertainment Centre
February 6: National Indoor Arena, Canberra
February 8: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
February 10: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
February 14: Perth Entertainment Centre



BILLY CONNOLLY
January 20: Perth Concert Hall
January 24: Newcastle Civic Theatre
February 22: Canberra Theatre
February 23: Melbourne Concert Hall

DIRE STRAITS
February 1, 8: KGV Oval, Hobart
February 12: Westlake Stadium, Adelaide
February 14-23: Sports & Entertainment Ctre, Melbourne
February 24, 25: Myer Music Bowl, Melbourne
February 26: Olympic Park, Melbourne
March 10-25: Sydney Entertainment Cte, Sydney
March 27: QE2 Stadium, Brisbane
March 29: Rockhampton Sound Shell
March 31: Mackay Showgrounds
April 2: Townsville Showgrounds
April 4: Cairns Showgrounds
April 8: Darwin Showgrounds

VIOLENT FEMMES
January 20: Easts, Brisbane
January 21: Bombay Rock, Gold Coast
January 22: Byron Bay Arts Factory
January 24: Enmore Theatre, Sydney
January 25: Dee Why Hotel, Sydney
January 26: Selinas, Sydney

DR. FEELGOOD
January 20; Marquee Room, Adelaide
January 22: Coco Cabana, Canberra
January 23: Tivoli, Sydney
January 24: Hills Inn (early), Mona Vale, Sydney (late)
January 25: Caringbah Inn, Sydney
January 26: Toronto Bowling Club
January 28: Byron Bay Arts Factory, Byron Bay

BOB DYLAN WITH TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
February 10-13: Sydney Entertainment Ctre, Sydney
February 15: Memorial Drive, Adelaide
February 17, 18: Perth Entertainment Centre
February 20, 21, 22: Kooyong Tennis Court
March 1: Lang Park, Brisbane

HOT CHOCOLATE
January 21, 22: Cardiff Workers Club, Sydney
January 23: Castle Hill RSL Club, Sydney
January 24: Revesby Workers Club, Sydney
January 25: Shellharbour Workers Club, Sydney
January 26: Central Coast L.C., Sydney
January 27: Tivoli, Sydney
January 29, 30: Cronulla L.C., Sydney
January 31: Bankstown Sports Club

EDITED BY

BANDWAGON

BRYAN PATTERSON

AN ENTIRE MINI ORCHESTRA ... with the touch of a finger

"If you're a musician and you don't know about sampling by the end of the year . . . you'll be completely lost."

So says Rick Dean, session musician and the keyboard expert at Helmut's Music Place in Ringwood.

Rick talks long and enthusiastically about the future of versatile samplers on the market that can record any sound and manipulate it creatively.

"I'm finding that samplers are being used more and more in recording situations these days. They are essential tools of trade for the musician and we should all be learning how to use them properly."

Samplers on the market today range greatly in price and performance. But even some of the cheaper models have enormous sound possiibilities.

In the higher price ranges, the Kurzweil, Fairlight and the Emulatore are the clear leaders. Helmuts finds it difficult to keep stocks of the new Emulator 11 digital sampling keyboard, an amazing machine selling somewhere between $14,000 and $17,000.

"They go out as fast as we get them, says Rick. "And no wonder . . . they are capable of some amazing things."

To demonstrate, Rick played a demo record from the U.S. of the Emulator in action. It reveals sound possibilities ranging from waterfalls to realistic strings and even classical guitar. If you want to hear the disc, pop into Helmut's and tell Rick that *Juke* sent you.

The Emulator 11 is, according to those who have used them, a quite simple-to-operate self-contained sampling system.

It has a maximum sampling time of 17 seconds and samples can be made across the breadth of an instrument for realistic samples across the sound range.

Sounds can be stored on floppy disk and Emulator has an extensive library of factory sounds to work with.

Once you sample the sound, the velocity sensitive keyboard (a must these days) gives you control over loudness, timbre and articulation.

You can assign multiple samples anywhere on the keyboard with up to 60 programmable splits.

Samples can be tuned, transposed and looped as well as played backwards.

The Emulator sequencer is a digital recorder that allows you to overdub separate parts of eight polyphonic tracks. You can even change the tempo without altering the pitch.

And, of course, it is equipped with MIDI and SMPTE interfaces to synchronise your masterpieces with film or video.

Stick disk

THERE was a time when the piano was considered a strange new gimmick.

Beethoven himself struggled in the early 19th Century to bring the then-new instrument to the attention of the public. Poor Ludwig had to argue strongly with the conservative push, which believed the harpsichord was the true keyboard instrument.

Which brings us to Peter Miller, a local musician fighting a battle for legitimacy for his chosen instrument, the Chapman Stick.

The Stick, a 10-string instrument is not, as commonly believed, a cross between a bass and a guitar. It is a fascinating new instrument with vast textural possibilities.

The Stick was the centre of curious attention at last year's Music Exhibition in Melbourne.

It is widely used in live performance and recording in the U.S. but is yet to gain more than limited acceptance in Australia.

"Australia is a rather conservative place when it comes to new instruments like this," says Peter. "Reading about the Stick doesn't let you know what it's really capable of. You have to hear it."

Now we can all hear what The Stick does. Peter Miller and his band Mars Needs Women have put out an EP featuring the amazing Stick sound on three of the four tracks.

Recording the Stick on the self-titled EP took many hours of patient experimentation.

"The Stick is a stereo instrument so you naturally assume that it should be recorded in stereo," says Peter. "But because of the harmonic bleed between the strings I decided to record it in mono. "I use a rather simple set-up. The Stick goes through a Marshall cabinet which gives it a crunchy, wound round sound."

The Mars Needs Women EP is available at most independent record stores.

Good news for Stick fans is that a new version with a graphite neck might be on the way. It will sell for around $900.

DIGITAL DRUMS

TOM is the name of Sequential's programmable drum machine that even allows you to add 'mistakes' for the human feeling.

The human touch is made possible by a feature the company calls the Improv Factor. This allows you to program a series of fills which are added to the automatic rhythms for minor variations.

Another mode lets you program variances in the tuning and volume of the patterns.

Tom has eight digitally recorded instrument sounds - the standard sounds plus handclaps - and enables individual volume, tuning and stereo pan for each sound.

The tuning means that you can create popular sounds like gongs and gorilla claps as well as 32-tom rolls.

You can also play and record any of the sounds in reverse and add new sounds via Sequential's plug-in cartridges.

Tom's memeory capacity is 2300 notes (expanded to 10,000 notes with a factory update and works with a cassette interface.

SYNC BOX

ROLAND'S SBX-80 is a programmable tempo controller that can synchronise instruments that have different sync methods.

More importantly, it can read and generate SMPTE time codes, the system used extensively for film and video soundtrack recording.

The SBX-80 generates MIDI, sync-24 and time base signals. The time base can be selected from a variety of clock pulses per quarter note.

Without being too technical, the unit works like this: If SMPTE code is recorded on an empty track of taped music, and tempo data is programmed into the SBX-80, it will make all slave instruments synchronise with the taped music as it it played back.

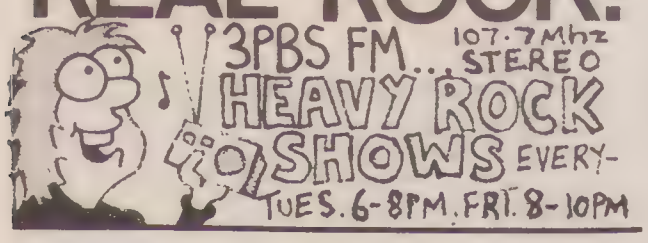
Tempo can be controlled by a knob, numerical pads, tapping a switch or by click signals.

A large display shows the data required and data can be stored on cassette.

The unit has a memeory of 3967 beats.

DIRECTORY

REAL ROCK!



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THE QUALITY OF BEING HOWARD

To start with I'd like to thank you for the service you have been providing. I've regularly picked up a copy of your mag since about August 1980. *Juke* Magazine is the best in its field and I find its info to be both of interest and beneficial.

Now to the real purpose of this letter. The negative review of Howard Jones in New York, in issue No. 558 was what made the worm turn and put pen to paper.

I saw Howard Jones at his concert in Sydney last August. After the concert's finale I rationally concluded Howard Jones is brilliant, and went home walking two feet above the ground. (If I say anymore I'd get too emotional — get the picture?)

But the right influential Richard Grabel informed us that Mr Jones was the epitome of "psychobabble" and warned us about leaking "this kind of nonsense to the kids".

Hell! I'm 20 and thought Howard to be an inventive, talented performer who had a unique ability to move the masses through his music. You just had to look to either side, at his performance, to see emotions ranging from tears, through awe, to the smiles that remained fixed on delighted faces for the duration of the concert (and undoubtably for some time after).

This leads me to ponder why the influential minority of music critics should have the right to so negatively attack an artist and their music without giving mention to the good qualities that are inevitably present in every performance (particularly of such world acclaim).

You know its really hard to take when a record or artist that has given you hours, if not years, of enjoyment (interspersed with moments of downright euphoria) is swept away as the biggest load of shit this side of the New York sewer. It can be a real kick inside, which leads to bouts of self judgement where you wonder if you're really normal, feeling the way you do.

When I was a kid, I thought Abba were the best thing since Christmas (and I still carry a high regard for them today). I found each new release to be better than their last. But then I had to stand back in disbelief and watch the likes of Mr Meldrum do everything in their power to mentally, then physically, phase these Swedes into yesterday. It was like watching your favourite pet get run over by a car — but those who've never had pets wouldn't know what that could be like.

Music is a gift that entertains people. The people that create and perform music give us something to enjoy, sometimes something to live for — so why is there a need to condemn them for it? Why are some artists torn apart and why are their followers belittled for showing the slightest sign of support by enjoying them?

Thanks for your time and if you print this letter please limit the editing as it is somewhat indicative of how strongly I feel and every point mentioned has its place.

— David Gillard
Coffs Harbour, N.S.W.

Segarini v Axatak

I am not a music critic but I have reviewed several international plays in my time, and although they are different forms of art, the critic for music or for drama does not differ dramatically.

Unfortunately I find Mr. Segarini's piece on the Australian band Axatak an insult to Australian critics. I have not heard the band's album but I have seen them play live. They are a band who are not only musically entertaining but more importantly, visually they are unique. Obviously you have not had the pleasure of catching their show.

Comparing them to *Spinal Tap* is not only an insult to the band but to your own intelligence. You obviously have not understood the movie, if you had you would not have made such a comment.

Please do not take my advice as patronising but I do believe you should not come down so heavily on a band who are trying to do their best in their field of music. You not only destroy your reputation as a critic, but you may find yourself eating your own words later. A constructive review would have been much more complimentary to yourself than the "bitchy" review the magazine chose to print.

You fall down as a professional critic in many fields. Firstly, you cannot sum up a band's songwriting (or "packaging as you refer to it) by merely quoting three selected song titles.

Secondly you have decided to see yourself as a Doctor in Philosophy as well as a critic. I doubt very much, Mr. Segarini, that the writer of "Live Out Your Dreams" had a philosophical meaning in mind; and if by chance he did, perhaps it is not such a bad idea.

Thirdly, perhaps you could explain to us non heavy metal followers what this "stance No. 9 from the *Heavy Metal Poseurs Guide*" is. Is it, as you say, they ate draped in chains (none of which I can see) and leather?

Finally, you seem to have this fetish about makeup. Is this from childhood experiences, or perhaps a fantasy tucked away? Obviously are not aware that makeup — be it heavy or unnoticeable — is one of the most effective means of costuming oneself. If you do not believe me, please try to consult your school days' history notes or the early Greek plays, where makeup was used in excess for expressional and image means.

You are obviously not a fan of heavy metal, and you have made the major mistake of involving your own personal dislikes in this piece of "journalism". Perhaps you should stick to reviewing Wham's or Duran Duran's future albums, where the music is not so complete.

And you wonder if this band is comedians sending up heavy metal. I wonder if you are a comedian sending up critics!

To quote Ross Wilson's New Years Resolution (pg 7) he wishes "to laugh at the critics." The members of Axatak should be in a frenzy over your review.

— A. Telford, East Bentleigh, Vic.

I'm writing in regard to the review done on Axatak's EP by Phil Segarini. Obviously the man knows not what he is on about.

For starters, he includes "Nightfighter" in a group of song titles which he says sums up what the band is about. Well, Mr. Segarini, "Nightfighter" is not about violence as you probably suspected; if you took the time to look at the lyric sheet, you will find it is about an aircraft, which is hardly cliche.

As far as the cover of the record goes, I fail to see any chains, clenched fists or aggressive expressions. Compared to standard heavy metal cliche poses, Axatak stand well and truly apart.

In closing, I suggest Segarini either stops reviewing records while he's stoned or gets his eyes checked pretty soon.

— Peter Riley, Mulgrave, Vic.

● Anyone in the office got a 'Motley Crue's Greatest Hits' LP around? - PS.

What the . . .

I keep coming across this funny little word in your mag spelt f..ked. What does this word mean? I can't find it anywhere in my dictionary. Could it be forked, fluked, flaked or finked? Then why not say so? Is it a problem you're having with your typewriters? Or perhaps it's an ASIO plot — the little .'s are really miniscule cameras which record the unsuspecting face of anyone who reads *Juke* and files it under "Misguided Youth" or "Brainless Twit". In which case I would appreciate being told so I can put on some lippy before I open Juke at a page containing the dreaded f..ked.

— Mick Sainam, Newcastle, N.S.W.

● Your hands grow warts if you say it and your ears fall off — Ed.

Ideologically Unsound

You probably won't print this because it's really sexist, but after reading the categories (and results) of the readers poll, I thought I'd start my own poll — the best features for the women.

Eyes — Deborah Conway
Hair, cheekbones, bum — Sharon O'Neill
Legs — Tina Turner
Smile — Joan Armatrading
Ears — Pat Benatar
Mouth — Lin Buckfield
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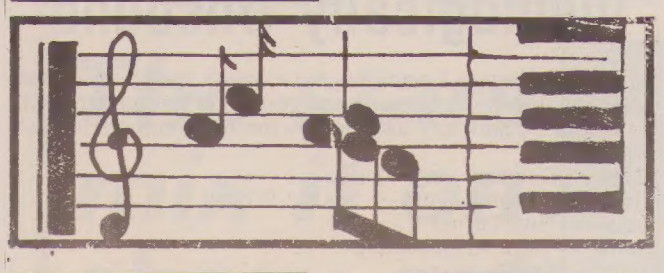
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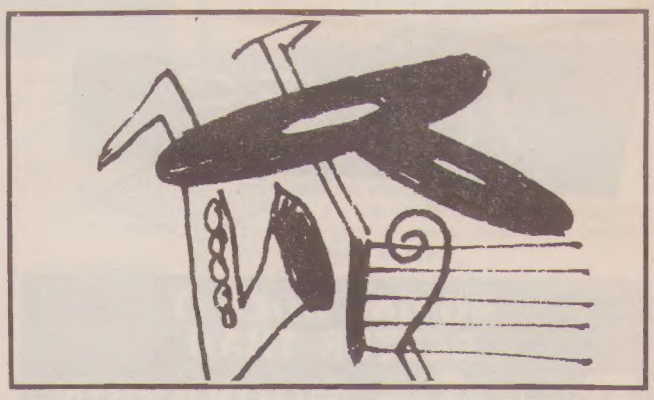

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